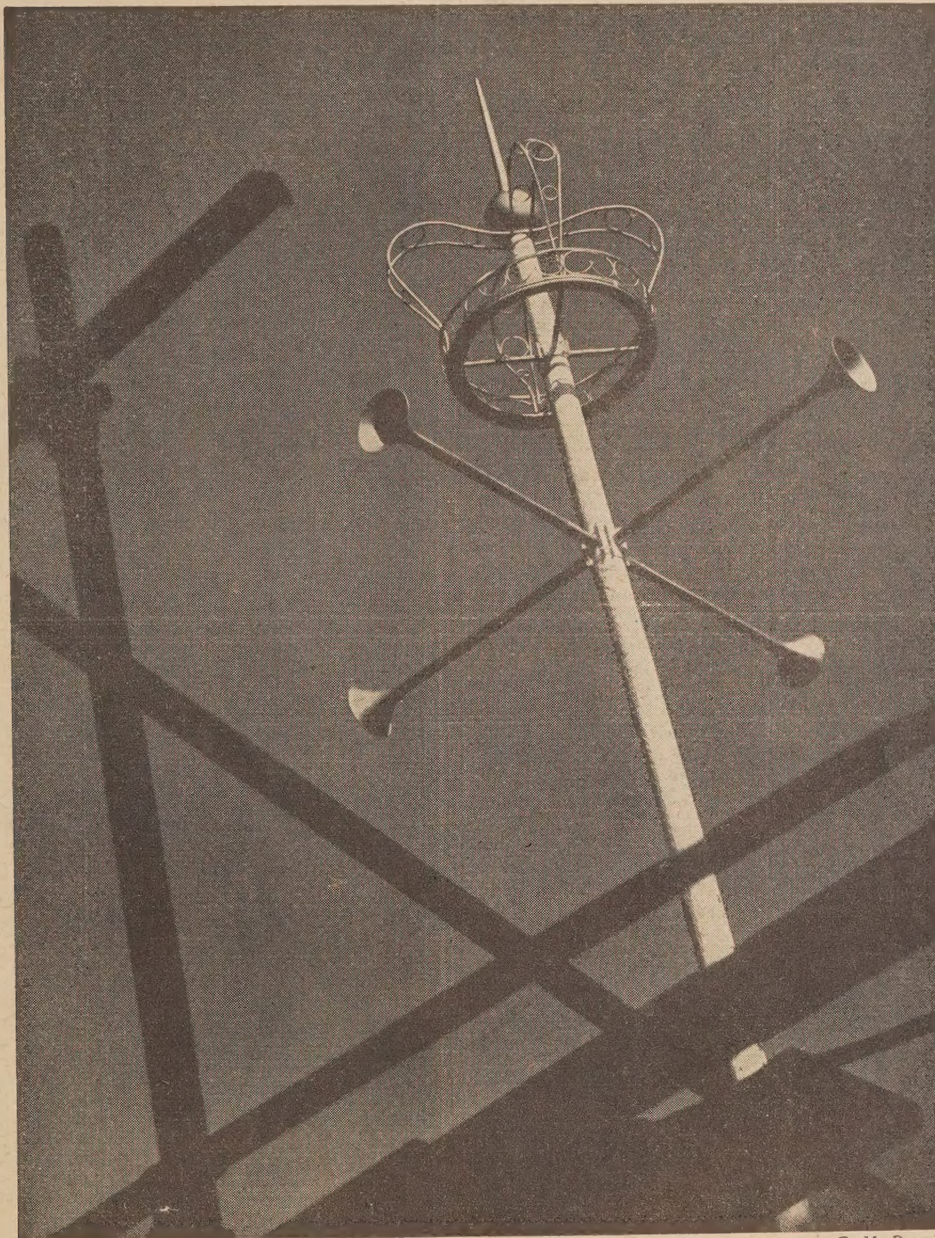


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



G. MacDonnie

London prepares for the Coronation: decorations in the Mall

In this number:

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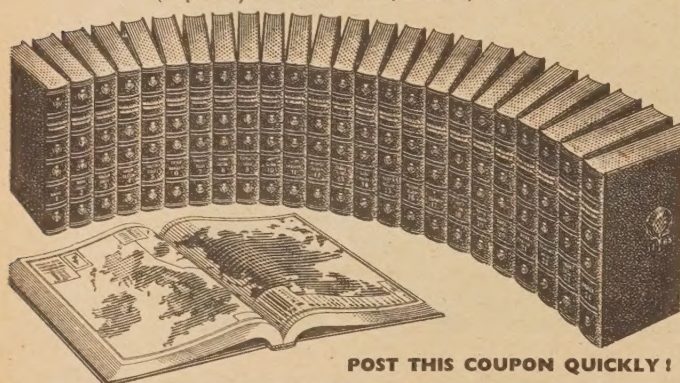
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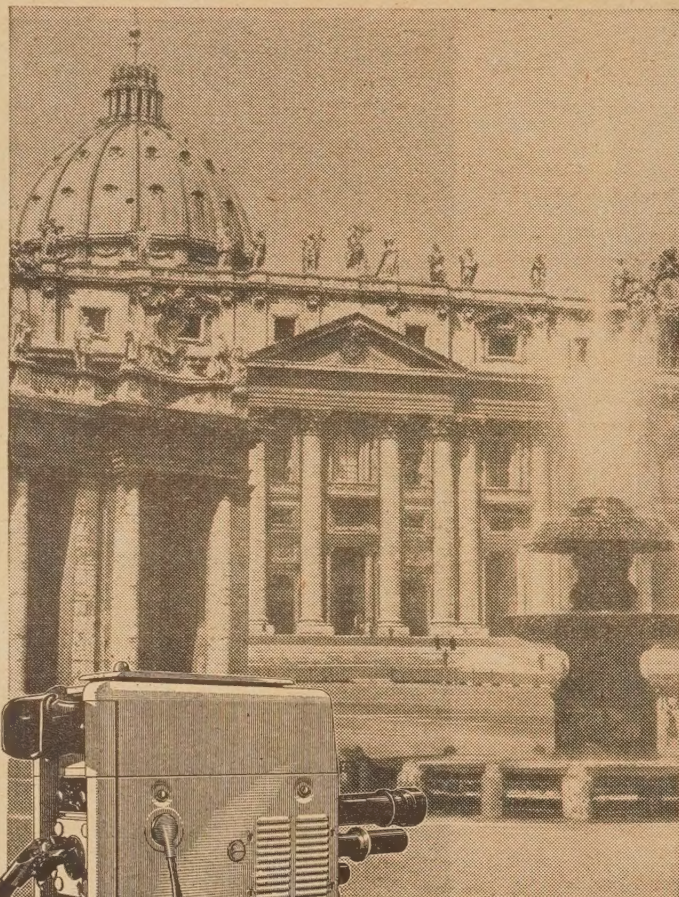
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The Listener

Vol. XLIX. No. 1263

Thursday May 14 1953

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST (Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P.) 802
Are the Rent Acts Fair? (Dudley Perkins)	783	
Berlin—Frontier with the West (William Clark)	785	
Pakistan's New Government (Richard Williams)	787	
The Menace to Free Journalism in America (Mary McCarthy) ...	791	
Tunisia's Political Evolution (Lord Kinross)	792	
THE LISTENER:		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
The World and the Weather	788	From Rom Landau, Edward Atiyah, John Pilgrim, R. H. Gunn, David Sweet-Escott, Ian H. C. Fraser, Joan Simon, and A. L. Taylor 803
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	788	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		GARDENING:
Holland's International Flower Show (Michael Barsley)	789	Planting in May (P. J. Thrower) 805
Guiding Stars (Dr. J. G. Porter)	789	
The Cart Before the Horse (G. W. H. Lampe)	789	ART:
A Bottle of Spo (Norman Turner)	790	Homage to Van Gogh (Douglas Cooper) 806
A Bottle of 'Manna of St. Nicholas' (Christopher Serpell) ...	790	
NUMISMATICS:		THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE 809
The Queen's Portrait on New Coins (Charles Mitchell)	795	
POEM: Winter Fountain (John Holloway) 796		CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:
HELLENISM AND THE MODERN WORLD—V:		Television (Reginald Pound) 814
The Hellenistic Age (Gilbert Murray, O.M.)	797	Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) 815
PHILOSOPHY:		The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) 815
The Nature of Political Decision (Stuart Hampshire)	798	Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) 815
NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK 800		MUSIC:
		Vecchi and his 'Amfiparnaso' (Nigel Fortune) 817
		FOR THE HOUSEWIFE 819
		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS 819
		CROSSWORD NO. 1,202 819

Are the Rent Acts Fair?

By DUDLEY PERKINS

STRIPPED of their complicated and often obscure verbiage, the Rent Acts have two fundamental purposes. They are to prevent the tenant's rent from being raised, and to save him from being turned out of his house. These two objects are inseparable, of course. It would be pointless for the law to say that the rent could not be raised if the landlord could give notice and the tenant had to go. It would be equally useless for the tenant to be protected against eviction if the landlord were free to raise the rent.

If you or I were a benevolent dictator, and if we were faced with a situation where some millions of our subjects were likely to suffer hardship—hardship because there were not enough houses to go round—we might well think that a law with these objects was a just law. It would prevent any unscrupulous owner of property from taking advantage of scarcity by pushing his rents up to the limit that anyone would pay. Yet many people in all political parties believe today that the Acts are now socially unjust and economically unwise. They think that we are suffering loss because, by reason of the Rent Acts, old houses are falling into disrepair, and even into ruins, faster than new houses are being built.

The first Rent Act was passed in a great hurry in 1915. It was ill considered and ill digested. There was an emergency, because virtually all house building had stopped, rents were going up fast,

and people were crowding into the areas round the munition factories and the industrial towns. So the Act was passed as a hasty, temporary measure to stop rising rents and to stop eviction except by order of the courts. It brought under control all houses with a rent or rateable value of £35 or less in London, £30 in Scotland, and £26 elsewhere. This meant that eighty-five per cent. of the houses in Great Britain were controlled. The rent was to be fixed—broadly speaking—at the rent which had been paid before the outbreak of war. This was a purely arbitrary figure. A house might by chance have been let at an unduly high rent. That became the fixed, standard rent. A similar house might have been let at a rent below its true market rent. That, too, became the standard rent. No attempt was made to fix fair rents. It was all left to chance. And it is this method of fixing a standard rent which more than any other single factor has been the cause of our present troubles.

The Act optimistically said that it was to last for 'six months after the end of the war, and no longer'. What actually happened was that in 1919 and 1920 control was extended to cover practically every house in the country: ninety-eight per cent. of them became controlled. It was very simple. All parliament had to do was first to double and then to treble those figures of rateable value. No one, unfortunately, troubled to find a rational basis for control, such as a method of fixing fair standard rents instead of

perpetuating the anomalies created in 1915 by the arbitrary method they chose then. The 1919 and 1920 Acts did try to give a measure of elementary justice to landlords who were penalised by the rising cost of repairs but who could not raise their rents. They were allowed to add a fixed percentage to the existing rents. But the percentage was the same for all of them. So if the standard rent was too low then the increase was also too low.

Building Encouraged

Then came the gradual process of reversing the effect of the Acts. Parliament was anxious to encourage new building. So any house—whatever its size or value—which was built after 1919 was to be free from control; so was any house converted into flats. This was followed in 1923 by another new idea: control was shifted from the house itself to the actual tenancy. If the tenant left and the landlord again took possession of the house, that was an end of control on that house. And control could also come to an end if the landlord persuaded the tenant to accept a new lease or tenancy agreement lasting, broadly speaking, for at least two years. This was a bad move. A few landlords persuaded their weekly tenants to accept a lease for, say, three years at a reduced rent. The tenants were delighted. But at the end of the three years their houses were decontrolled. The landlord could raise the rents and they had to pay the increase or go.

That is the debit side of those early essays in decontrol. On the credit side, the fact that new or converted houses were not to be controlled gave a tremendous impetus to new building and conversions. But the vast majority of these newly built houses were built either for sale to those who could afford to buy, or to be let at rents which were mostly too high for the working class to pay. Local authorities were in the building business by now, and they built houses to let, of course; but they did not build anything like enough, and, on the whole, the rents they charged were too high. It is pointless to blame the private builder for not building houses to let at low rents. He simply could not do it, unless he was prepared to behave as a charitable institution. But it was very unfortunate for the hopes of an early end to rent control that local authorities did not do much better during the nineteen-twenties. Still, it was clear that there was no need to go on controlling the most expensive houses, and in 1933 they were freed. The middle class of houses remained controlled as before, and the lower-rented houses were also still controlled. But this 1933 Act remedied the mistake which had been made ten years before: control for the lower-rented houses was now put back on the house itself; it did not matter if the tenant left or if he accepted a long lease, the house remained controlled.

But even after this, the process of decontrol was going on too fast among the lower-rented houses where demand was still greater than the supply. I am not going to give you many figures, but the rents of the lower-priced houses at this time are illuminating. In London an average exclusive rent for this kind of house was 8s. 6d. a week if it was controlled, 12s. 6d. a week if it was not controlled, and a sum in between the two if it was a local-authority house. Those differences in rents are a fair measure of the problem. Until there were more houses, far more houses at the lower rents, control would have to stay and perhaps be extended. And yet, in fact, the number of the lower-priced houses which were free from control was increasing all the time because of that 1919 Act which said that every newly built or newly converted house was to be free from control. By 1937, one out of every two of the working class houses was already decontrolled.

'Fiddling with the Figures'

Here was a serious social problem, but instead of grappling with it, Parliament merely continued the stale and weary process of tinkering with the Rent Acts. They merely fiddled with the figures, freeing from control every house above a certain rateable value, and clamping control more firmly on all the houses below.

They still had not learnt that mere control is no answer to this problem. The true answer then—as now—was surely to build more houses for letting at low rents.

In 1939 there came with the outbreak of war a new Rent Act, as hastily enacted as the one of 1915. It brought under new control houses up to a £100 rateable value in London, £90 in Scotland, and £75 elsewhere—most of the houses in Great Britain, in fact. And the old exemption for newly built houses was abolished. The disastrous mistake was that the standard rent for the new control was fixed at the rent at which the house happened to be let on September 1, 1939. If it was not let then, you had to go back to the last letting, however far away it was. If it had never been let, then the first rent in the future became the standard rent. So precisely similar houses today have widely different standard rents just because they were let at different dates. In 1939 they repeated the old mistake of 1915, because it was the easy thing to do. Suppose a government wanted to control the amount of money a man could keep in the bank? They might say that no one should ever have more than he had in the bank on one particular day. The fact that he might have drawn a good deal out on the previous day or put a good deal in is ignored. How unfair and how silly; and yet that is how the standard rents of all controlled houses have been arrived at, in just that haphazard way.

To make things worse, there were still 4,000,000 houses under the old control. Their standard rent was the rent at which they had been let on August 3, 1914, or even earlier. Here is an example, and it is not far-fetched. A house was built in 1860 and let at once. When the tenant died, the landlord moved into the house. His son inherited it, and in 1919 let it again. It has remained tenanted and controlled ever since. And the standard rent of the house today is the rent at which it was first let in 1860. Even the flat percentage increase granted in 1919 could not make that a fair rent at present values. Or take another example: a house built in 1930, and therefore not subject to control then, was let for the first time in 1935. The tenant left two years later and the house was not let again until after the war, when rents were beginning to climb. But under the 1939 Act the standard rent of that house is the rent at which it was first let, in 1935.

The Standard Rent

It is true that if a house was let for the first time in its life after 1939 its standard rent would be the rent then charged, and you may think that at this time, at any rate, a wise owner would charge a high rent. But suppose he was going into the Forces and had to let in a hurry; and think if the house was let for the first time in 1940 in London or some other place exposed to bombing or threat of invasion? The standard rent of that house is likely to be far below its present value.

After the war, Rent Tribunals were set up for the first time. Their main job was to control the rent of furnished lettings which were outside the Rent Acts. They could have been given the power to fix new standard rents for unfurnished lettings, rents which were fair. It was a wonderful chance. But the then Minister of Health gave tribunals only the power to reduce certain standard rents. He refused to give them the power to increase a standard rent, however low it might be. Yet the burden of the repair of millions of these houses falls on the owner. Even if he has no legal obligation to the tenant to do repairs he will in his own interests want to preserve his property. And the cost of repairs is three times what is was in 1939.

To sum up, it is no exaggeration to say that the Rent Acts, as they now operate, do both more good and more harm than ever before in their varied history. But so far, the political parties have shrunk from the problem of the harm they do, because any answer to it seems to mean that most tenants will pay more rent. And that will not be popular, at least not with tenants, and there are far more votes from tenants to be reckoned with than votes from landlords.—*Home Service*

Berlin—Frontier with the West

By WILLIAM CLARK

UNTIL last month I had never been to post-war Berlin, and as I set off from Dusseldorf by plane I found myself pleasantly thrilled at the prospect of seeing this extraordinary town where east and west meet, where half the town belongs to our sort of civilisation, and half belongs to the totalitarian land-mass that stretches away to Vladivostok and Peking. I was prepared to find Berlin a sort of shop window for the Communist way of life.

What I was not quite prepared for was the first sight of Berlin after a slightly nervous hour in the air corridor. It was a fine day and I could see the whole city from the aircraft. The idea of it being a politically divided city had stuck in my mind, and I was surprised to see how united it was by the wounds of the last war. The destruction by bombing and shelling is universal, there is no discrimination between east and west. The baroque ruins of Berlin remain a terrifying monument to Hitler even now, eight years after his death; but the orderly grey piles of salvaged bricks and the advertisement hoardings covering the facades which used to have houses behind them, as well as the busy shops set up in 'prefabs', are all a reminder that in fact Hitler did not quite succeed in destroying Berlin when he destroyed himself.



Refugees from east Berlin crowding into the reception centre in the western sector of the city

But I did not go to Berlin to see the ruins. The really fascinating thing about Berlin is the feeling that you can walk through the Iron Curtain. This is Berlin's unique and unwelcome distinction; outside every travel bureau there are signs saying: 'Tours of the city: see the Soviet sector'. But it is unnecessary to join a group or hire a guide; you can simply walk into the Soviet sector as easily as you can walk into the City of London from Westminster. Yet the extraordinary thing is that this almost invisible Iron Curtain is in some senses real; in the Soviet sector there are different newspapers from those they have in the west, different postage stamps, a different currency, and, I found, a different atmosphere—the unmistakable musty atmosphere of totalitarianism, reminding me, rather oddly, of Nazi Germany.

The sort of thing that struck me immediately was that so many of the buildings had great slogans written across them: 'Marx is always right, because he was always true' and similar blaring announcements of nothing very meaningful. The other recognisable feature of totalitarianism was a rash of poster-colour murals under the arcades of some of the buildings showing beaming Russian managers shaking hands with sturdy German workers, while very blond, happy youths march off into a sunrise carefully labelled 'the future'.

The whole garish object commemorated a Soviet-German youth and friendship rally. And everywhere, of course, you are still stared at by benevolent portraits of Stalin; big brother is still watching you, even though wreathed in black, because no one has yet decided whose portrait should go in its place, and it is inconceivable that no one should stare down at you. Inconceivable because, after all, Hitler's portrait was there for a dozen years before it was replaced by Stalin's; it is worth remembering that this is the twentieth consecutive year of dictatorship in east Berlin. In twenty years of the extreme right and the extreme left, the people of the Soviet sector have learnt the art of concealing their thoughts beneath a somewhat cynical acceptance of what is regarded as conventionally correct.

Conversation is not easy, as I found when one afternoon I went down to the Stalin Allee, which is an entirely new, broad street where the Communist Government has concentrated all its rebuilding activities. The result is most remarkable; in just over a year they have built two great cliffs of flats faced in yellow tiles, staring rather empty at present, though they are beginning to be occupied. To my mind the result is not attractive; it is impressive in that megalomaniac style which is so reminiscent of Hitler at Nuremberg and of Mussolini's forums. I wondered what the Berliners thought about the new buildings and so asked an old woman who was staring at the builders. Her reply was one sentence: 'This is the



Stalin Allee, in east Berlin, 'an entirely new, broad street where the Communist Government has concentrated all its rebuilding activities'

greatest building project for workers' houses in the world'. She turned away. Later I asked the same question of a young man who was sitting next to me on a bench, also staring. With great emphasis he replied: 'This is the greatest project for building workers' houses in the world'. Some hours after this stunted conversation piece I went into a bookshop, and amongst all the colour pictures of Stalin and the Moscow underground I saw a leaflet entitled: *Stalin Allee, the greatest building project for workers' houses outside the Soviet Union*. It struck me then how hard it is to carry out properly the job of a special correspondent in a dictatorship. The people of the Soviet sector look happy, well fed, adequately dressed, they are quite talkative, but nothing you can do will make them talk politics. In Berlin, or I guess in Moscow, it is fascinating to be a sightseer; it is only tantalising to be a reporter.

To learn what people thought I had to go back to the western sectors. There you get political thoughts crammed down your throat at every turn; everyone, from the tram conductors onwards, has theories about world politics in general and the exact intentions of the Russians in particular. Theories—not facts—and really the theories of west Berliners are now more valid than yours or mine.

A Shop-window on to the Soviet World

But there is one way in Berlin in which you really can find out the facts about life in the Soviet zone of Germany, one unexpected way in which it is a shop-window on to the Soviet world. That is to talk to the refugees from the east who are still flooding into the west at the rate of more than 1,000 a day. I spent a good deal of my time listening to the stories of these refugees. Every journalist knows that refugees' stories are highly coloured and usually unreliable, but the tales I heard in Berlin were of a slightly different character. First of all, they were not told by people who were, so to speak, still in full flight. They had probably been safely in west Berlin for several days and when I saw them they were being examined by a judicial body—two assessors and a judge—whose job was to discover why these people had given up their homes, their families, their businesses, their farms, and cast themselves on the mercy of their fellow-countrymen, to begin their lives again.

Of course many of the refugees did not stick to the truth. They said they had fled because of political persecution, or from sheer love of freedom, but it took only a little expert questioning to get at the truth, which was far simpler, far less dramatic, and to me far more interesting. As I sat for hour after hour in the drab office listening to story after story, I felt that at last I was seeing what was behind the shut faces, what was going on in the secret minds of the people in east Berlin, and in east Germany. It is a glum story but not a horror story; there is no evidence of mass shootings or concentration camps, for even if these horrors exist it is unlikely that refugees would get away to tell about them. And in a way the word refugee is the wrong word; at least to me it suggests Jews fleeing for their lives from Hitler, or tragic remains of people who have earned the hatred of some dictatorship and escaped by stealth. This is not so of the east German refugees. They are penniless and without bulky possessions, but they are dressed in their best suits; they did most of their fleeing by train and the rest by tram or bus. Most of them are not afraid for their lives, it was only that they no longer found life worth living where they were. It is despair, rather than terror, that lies at the back of this grey misery.

To take one example. There came into the room a rather wizened, very upright little lady of about fifty, in a respectable black dress, looking for all the world as if she were going to discuss her investments with her stockbrokers. And in a way she was. She had left behind the family printing works which had been in her hands since her husband was killed in the raids on Leipzig in 1945, she had left behind a house, a servant, a car, and, as she kept on saying, a very fine dog. She told the judge that she had fled because she could not stand the regime, and she spoke with scandalised vehemence, as if her church club had started a cocktail bar, or Saturday-night hops.

But the judge could hardly believe that this elderly woman had given up all her possessions, all her comforts, was going to start again from literally nothing, just because she did not like the regime. Was there nothing more? And then it all came out, with tears and misery and despair. The sad tale of her taxes: the regime had dismissed the firm's accountant and now they were charging that she had not paid 400 marks of taxes. Out of her bag came bundles of papers, receipts, photostats of accounts, to prove that she had paid. But, as the judge

in a kindly way pointed out, 400 marks is not a large sum (in the eastern zone it is worth perhaps £12). Was it really worth giving up so much for so little? More tears, and a desperate, appealing attempt to explain that once accused you were never again innocent; you could prove that you had not done this thing or that, but you were caught for ever in the toils of a bureaucracy which is and always will be master, from which there is no appeal to an independent law.

There were several such cases—people who had fallen foul of the authorities. Not all of them were necessarily innocent. I am sure the fat, prosperous farmer from Saxony had kept back some hams for his own use. What were these refugees? The victims of political persecution? Hardly. Minor criminals escaping justice? That does not quite fit either, because it was not justice they were escaping, it was the terrifying clutches of the omnipotent state, blindly breaking the lives of those who did not wholly conform to its dictates. The essence of justice is that punishment ends guilt; the horror from which these people were fleeing was suspicion without end, punishment without redemption.

For older people, conditioned by twenty years of dictatorship, the decision to break with the regime and flee obviously comes only when their long patience suddenly snaps. But the great mass of people who are coming across are not elderly—they are between twenty and thirty, and their reasons are different again. One, whose story I heard, was a tough, healthy, cheerful young man who gave his age as twenty-five. I reflected that he was five when Hitler came to power—really one of the Hitler generation; he would have been seventeen when the war ended. He produced his papers which were a sort of passport-identity card on which was inscribed his official history, so far as the east German state was concerned. The judge passed it to me to look at. It was impressive: age twenty-five; three prison convictions: first in 1945, a year for stealing bread; 1947, two years in prison for 'writing diversionary slogans on the wall'; 1950, thirty months with hard labour for 'repeating the B.B.C. bulletins about the Berlin blockade'. He had come over to the west almost as soon as he ended that last prison spell.

As I watched him answering questions, I tried to label this new acquisition of the western world. What was he: a social misfit, a juvenile delinquent, or a fighter for freedom, a political idealist? He turned out to be none of these things, but a practical, ambitious, and alert young man who had heard that they needed agricultural engineers in the west, and thought his training would get him a good, well-paid job. All his friends, he said, were trying to do the same, because they heard from the radio that there was so much more opportunity in the west.

'Go west, young man'—that has a familiar ring, and it is not the sadly familiar story of refugees. Indeed, the hundreds of young men who daily come over to the west do it, not from fear and despair, but from hope and expectation of a new life. They have the spirit of pioneers and frontiersmen, not of refugees.—*Home Service*

Pierre Clostermann's first book, *The Big Show*, was about his experiences as a Free French fighter pilot with the R.A.F. It was written subjectively, and was a most successful bravura piece. His new book, *Flames In The Sky* (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), is about other men's deeds, exciting enough in its substance but documentary in essence. It consists of nine episodes selected from material that M. Clostermann is collecting for a history of the war in the air, and is probably a useful prelude to the longer work, for it disposes of several popular misconceptions on the subject. The remarkably high quality, for instance, not only of German but of Japanese war-time aircraft, is substantiated by performance details and by accounts (some only now extracted from official Allied archives) of actions in which their superiority over the contemporary British and American machines was clearly demonstrated. M. Clostermann appears to feel that in design, as well as in tactical developments, the democracies have tended to be too complacent. The race between the west and its successive challengers is closer—as is shown today by the performance of the cheap, mass-produced Russian MIG, not even the most advanced of Russian types—than many people think. It is salutary, too, that M. Clostermann reminds us of episodes insufficiently known in this country; for instance, the role—a sacrificiously courageous one—of the French Air Force in the debacle of June, 1940; and the attempts, in face of Russian obstruction, and at the cost of eighty-five per cent. casualties, to succour from the air the Warsaw rising of 1944. M. Clostermann's style is highly coloured, but few of his words are superfluous. Sometimes, as when he describes a typical day on besieged Malta, atmosphere is magnificently created. Apart from its lurid title the book has nothing in common with 'knights of the air' journalism.

Pakistan's New Government

By RICHARD WILLIAMS, B.B.C. correspondent in Pakistan and India

THE Government of Kawaja Nazimuddin in Pakistan was dismissed from power because the Governor-General had come to the conclusion that it could no longer provide the leadership necessary to extricate the country from its difficulties. Criticism of the Government had mounted in recent months, as the economic situation deteriorated, and the revelation that Pakistan would have to import 1,500,000 tons of wheat this year, where she had normally had a surplus, was a further blow to the administration. The serious riots which broke out in the Punjab last March were also a disturbing factor. They started as a sectarian agitation against the Ahmadiyas—a minority Muslim sect—but they later grew into a violent subversive movement directed equally against the central government, and were only quelled by the intervention of the army. Lahore was placed under martial law, and order has been restored in the province.

Sudden Downfall

That was the situation on April 17 when the Governor-General decided to exercise his constitutional powers under the amended India Act, and dismiss the Cabinet. Even so, the dramatic suddenness of Mr. Nazimuddin's downfall, and the blunt words which the Governor-General used to justify his action, came as a surprise to Karachi. The change was not effected without some bitterness, but the new Government has been generally acclaimed throughout Pakistan.

It is regarded as a strong, competent, and purposeful team from which a great deal is expected, though no one is disposed to minimise the tasks ahead. The new Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammad Ali, is a stranger to recent Pakistan politics: he has spent the past five years in various diplomatic posts abroad. He is, however, young and energetic, and his colleagues include well-known and experienced figures such as Mr. Zafrullah Khan, the Foreign Minister, who has been a distinguished spokesman for his country in many international gatherings, and Mr. Quyum Khan, a forceful personality who made his name as an administrator in the North-West Frontier Province. He holds the key portfolios of food and industry. The Punjab, too, is well represented in the Cabinet, and the Prime Minister has indicated that he intends to appoint one or two East Pakistanis to the remaining posts. Current political opinion in Karachi reflects the country's hope that, by his choice of colleagues, Mr. Mohammad Ali has been able to eliminate the provincial rivalries and dissensions which greatly weakened the previous administration.

One feature of the change of government which has been widely noted is the set-back suffered by the Mullahs, or Learned Men. Islam has no priesthood in the western sense. It is not unusual in Muslim countries for the Mullahs to play an active part in politics, and in Pakistan they have recently exercised a growing influence on domestic affairs—an influence directed in the main towards the restoration in everyday life of the austere principles of Islam, and many Pakistanis found their narrow intolerance difficult to reconcile with the unhampered growth and development of a modern state.

With the appearance, early this year, of the Basic Principles Committee Report, which was to prepare the way for a future constitution for Pakistan, it seemed that the Mullahs had further consolidated their position, but the prominent part they played in the Punjab disorders went a long way to discredit their political activities. A number of their leaders are now under arrest. A further indication of their present eclipse is that Mr. Zafrullah Khan, a prominent member of the Ahmadiya sect, against which they had campaigned so vigorously, has again been appointed Foreign Minister.

No major decisions on policy have yet been taken, but the Cabinet is already addressing itself to the one over-riding problem, more urgent than any other, which is facing the country—the food shortage. It is all the more serious because it has happened in such a short time. Since independence, Pakistan had become accustomed to a comfortable small surplus of grain. It was apparent some months ago that this year's harvest yield would be low. In fact, it has turned out a good deal worse than the original estimate suggested. The deficiency of 1,500,000

tons in a single year makes Pakistan, on a population basis, rather worse off than India.

Shortly before his Government fell, Kawaja Nazimuddin, the former Prime Minister, reviewed the food situation in great detail and gave reasons for the shortage. Among other causes, Mr. Nazimuddin claimed that the flow of water through the canals which are controlled from India was considerably lower even than the shortage from natural causes could have justified. Indian spokesmen, however, have declared emphatically that there has been no material interference with the supplies to which Pakistan was entitled. The canal waters dispute has always ranked high among the problems which have divided India and Pakistan since Partition. It has now been referred to the International Bank, which earlier this year conducted an investigation on the spot, with the co-operation of both Governments, to examine how the waters of the Indus valley could best be harnessed for the general benefit.

The diversion of land to cash crops—oil seeds and cotton, particularly—was another contributory factor. Locusts, one of the endemic plagues of the east, at one stage ravaged 50,000 acres of land; and inevitably, too, in a period of shortage, there was some smuggling and hoarding. A black market in grain appeared, and prices rose sharply. But all these were only incidental factors. Essentially it was the lack of water that had reduced the rich Punjab to a state where, Mr. Nazimuddin said, some people were living on wild vegetation.

Today Pakistan is looking to the United States for help. She has already made a formal request for 1,000,000 tons of wheat. The question is now being studied in Washington, and three American agricultural experts are expected in Karachi shortly to survey and report on the food crisis. Mr. Mohammad Ali knows America well: he was Ambassador in Washington until last month. The general welcome which his appointment as Prime Minister received in the United States is regarded in Karachi as a good omen. At the same time, the Government is pressing on with measures to increase domestic food production.

The financial situation, too, is likely to preoccupy the new Government during the coming months. The Prime Minister, shortly after he took up office, described it as 'very bad'. Much of it is the result of the severe shrinkage in the world demand for jute and cotton, which has left Pakistan with large unsold stocks of her two main products, and the price that she received for what was sold has fallen sharply from the peak period of two years ago, while internal expenditure continued at a high level. Pakistan's sterling balances have dwindled to little more than £60,000,000, and a large part of this must be kept as cover for the note issue. This disquieting trend has now been reversed and, Government purchases apart, the balance of trade over the past six months has been well on the credit side. The improvement was achieved by a drastic reduction of imports. Only essentials are allowed in, with a consequent stagnation of internal trade.

Strict Economies

One of the objectives of the new administration is the reduction of Government spending. Cuts of up to forty per cent. are to be made in the budgets of some departments. Other measures of retrenchment have already been introduced. By next year the decision to reduce the jute acreage in East Bengal by a third, and to grow rice instead, will have produced results. Pakistan is unlikely again to be left with a large surplus of a commodity that no one will buy, and the rice which is not needed at home can be readily sold throughout the East.

Mr. Mohammad Ali's appointment as Prime Minister was very well received in India, where recent developments in Karachi have been closely followed. He and Mr. Nehru have already exchanged cordial messages, and a meeting between them is now assured some time after the Coronation, which they will both attend. Although officials are cautious about the outcome, they note that there has been a perceptible improvement in relations since the Indo-Pakistan trade agreement was signed last March. These factors, coupled with the resilience of the Pakistani character and the advent of a new Government, explains the hopeful mood which I found in Karachi.—*General Overseas Service*

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the threat to Laos

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

The World and the Weather

WHAT a boon fine weather is! Hastening to offer apologies for so trite an observation we add for good measure that it will doubtless be pouring with rain by the time these words appear. But if we are moved to say a word in praise of sunshine and blue skies it is not merely because our climate affords us opportunities in plenty for enjoying the other kind of weather: it is also because we have been looking through the latest volume of *The Year Book of World Affairs 1953**. The connection may appear slender, but in any serious study of the international landscape the need grows on one for some sort of compensatory balance, something to offset depression or at all events to give that lift to the spirit which a detailed contemplation of the contemporary scene seems to make desirable.

Not that the pages of this book are filled with gloom. Far from it. Take the first sentence of the first article: 'There is every reason why this year, 1953,—the author is writing on 'The Atlantic Idea'—'should be a watershed for events and a seedtime for fresh ideas in the Western world'. That sounds hopeful. Yet somehow or other as one reads on one gets the impression (we hope it is a wrong one) that the waters tumbling down on our side of that watershed are likely to be chilly, if not stone cold: in other words that the Atlantic Idea is destined to be a very much less spectacular affair than most of its enthusiasts have contemplated. Enthusiasm, in fact, should be suspect, for 'it is surely time—and more than time—to realise that this is a difficult and many-sided world, where the answers are also difficult and many-sided'. How true! By the distinguished author of an article entitled 'Five Years of Cold War' we are informed that 'world politics have become more complicated', that 'the United Nations, most regrettably, has seldom been more than a forum for demagoguery and international hatred', and that one of the important causes of international tension—'the formation in undeveloped countries of a disaffected *intelligentsia* that falls an easy prey either to Communism or to some other revolutionary movement'—has received but scant attention. Another writer, taking as his subject 'The Cold War as an Instrument of Policy', ventures on some conclusions which he admits may be impracticable and certainly will be unpalatable to many, adding that short of such a policy being adopted 'we may look back with longing to the time when there was still a cold war and nothing worse'. Yet another author, dealing with the agrarian problem and observing that it is 'full of question marks', suggests that 'the threat in the immediate future in the underdeveloped countries is not so much from Communism as from a sort of Fascist breakdown, a perpetual cycle of military and palace insurrections...'

It is well that we should be reminded of these problems and of the many others that this book puts before us in a considered and (lest it be thought otherwise) a constructive manner. For, even if few of us need a reminder, are we not apt sometimes to turn away from them in search of pleasanter prospects—yet knowing in our hearts, like the Athenians of old, that the man who takes no part in public affairs is to be regarded not as one who minds his own business but as good for nothing? Which is not to say that considering the kind of world we live in we should make a point of surrounding ourselves with an atmosphere of gloom. Certainly not! On the other hand one can scarcely be blamed for admitting, and indeed being glad of the fact, that our spirits are raised and our natural cheerfulness increased when the sun comes out.

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WHILE COMMENTATORS in both west and east expressed hopes of an early armistice in Korea, western commentators continued to express anxiety about the situation in Indo-China and Laos. *The New York Times* was quoted as emphasising that the fall of Laos would threaten neighbouring Siam and Burma as well as Malaya:

In this respect also the defence of Laos is the defence of the free people and the free world... part of a great global conflict that is both physical and ideological... It must be seen in the light of its elementary contradiction of all the Communist talk of peace.

The Australian press also emphasised the danger. The *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted for a discussion of the invasion of Laos against the background of Moscow's peace declarations:

Recent support for the so-called laws of colonial liberation in the official organs of both Moscow and Peking suggest that the Red Axis has no present intention of soft-peddalling in S.E. Asia. Whatever the ultimate Communist objectives in S.E. Asia—and no one has ever supposed they are limited to Indo-China and Malaya—the warning of Laos should be heeded by the West.

The *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as pointing to the need for tackling the economic problems of S.E. Asia if the people were to be rallied to defend themselves:

There is a problem of hungry, divided and dissipated people to solve in many parts of S.E. Asia before security can be measured in terms of armaments. A solution can be found if all the democracies, including Australia, recognise the urgent need for it.

A number of western commentators pointed to the need for a radical revision of French policy in Indo-China if the people were to be expected to fight with a purpose. From France, the socialist *Le Populaire* commented:

Nobody has yet succeeded in persuading the Vietnamese what is still true in spite of the daily stupidities committed—namely, that they have more chance of independence at the side of France than at the side of World Bolshevism.

A number of Indian newspapers spoke of the French losing the war in Indo-China because they had forfeited the confidence of the people there, with the result that the nationalists had made common cause with the Communists. A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio asserted that the 'fairy tale' about an 'alleged Communist aggression' in Laos had been 'exploded':

The people of Vietnam and Laos know of only one aggression: the attacks by the French colonial troops, backed by the Eisenhower administration.

The main topic in Moscow broadcasts last week was Soviet Press Day and Radio Day. Passing over Marconi in silence, Moscow radio declared that the great Russian scientist, Popov, had 'anticipated by many years the scientists of Europe and the U.S.A.' in his discovery of radio, 'thereby laying the foundation of radio navigation, radio location and many other branches of radio technology'. Another Moscow broadcast quoted *Pravda* as saying:

All people throughout the world listen to the voice of Moscow because it is the voice of truth and of the struggle for peace, democracy and socialism.

The same claim to 'truth' was made on behalf of the Soviet press:

The word of the Soviet press is the word of truth and all honest people on earth listen to it attentively.

Ignoring the voluminous quantity of propaganda preaching hatred of the West that has, in recent years, issued from the Soviet press and radio, a Moscow broadcast in French stated:

No one ever has or ever will hear the Soviet radio advocate war or sow discord among the peoples. From its earliest days the Soviet radio has propagated the ideal of peaceful co-operation among the peoples.

Calls for vigilance against spies and other 'enemies' were also broadcast from Czechoslovakia on the occasion of the amnesty declared there, which was described by Bratislava radio as 'a wonderful expression of socialist humanism'. The broadcast went on:

We shall not, however, display any leniency towards those who have criminally undermined the foundations of our people's democratic order... Traitors, saboteurs, spies, enemies of the peace, thieves and enemies of socialist property do not deserve any mercy.

Did You Hear That?

HOLLAND'S INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW

'THE FLOODS which I saw devastating whole islands of Zeeland and Beveland in the south of Holland did untold damage, but they never reached this brilliant and fragrant corner of the land which has been glowing with about 5,000,000,000 flowers', said MICHAEL BARSLEY in 'The Eye-Witness'. 'Last summer, I saw the growers and the buyers at their huge exchanges and auctions. They were amusing but purposeful men, with big cigars. They are not very sentimental about flowers, and I saw hyacinths being cut off by the acre, to give strength to the roots. But what the bulb growers have evolved for the past three years is a way of presenting flowers in the best setting. They present them round lakes and under trees and in ordinary beds, rather than in the all-too-huge fields themselves. There is a particular garden setting on an old estate of seventy-five acres called Keukenhof. It has a very carefully planned colour scheme. The whole exhibition began in a typical Dutch way, with a wonderful medieval procession on horseback, because Keukenhof, they say, used to be the estate of Queen Jacqueline of Bavaria in the fifteenth century.

'The approach to this estate is very busy and noisy and dusty, because everyone shouts at you and wants to sell you the huge garlands of flower-heads to decorate your car, or your bicycle, or perhaps even your dog. But inside there is a chance to wander and to make discoveries. Mr. Warner, the chairman, showed me, for instance, the little white statue of Princess Maryke, youngest daughter of the Queen of the Netherlands, in its setting of tiny flowers.

'I am no gardening expert myself, but I wanted to know which was Holland's favourite flower. So I put this question to a genial giant of a bulb man, Walter Roosen, and he said at once: "Now look, say a mother has three children, you call them Tom, Dick, and Harry. Is she ever going to tell you which is the favourite?" I retreated, and did not ask any further about the tulip, the hyacinth, and the daffodil.

'But there is another spectacle in Holland now, even bigger than Keukenhof. And that is the international show, called Flora, which is outside Haarlem, at a village called Heemstede. That exhibition is held only once every ten years, but owing to the war, this is the first exhibition of its kind for eighteen years. It is difficult to describe Flora because it is so enormous, but if you can think of Battersea Festival Gardens given over entirely to flowers of all kinds, that might give you an idea. When I was there it was "Belgium Week", and the exhibition hall had been given over to azaleas from Ghent and orchids from Bruges'.

GUIDING STARS

'There is a cherished legend that navigation is extremely difficult, but it is time this idea was "debunked"', said Dr. J. G. PORTER, in a talk in the Home Service. 'There is nothing difficult about the principles of navigation, any more than it is difficult to find your way about the Sussex lanes. It is the practice that counts—the years of experience, and of knowing what to do under exceptional circumstances. You cannot learn that from books, but the general idea is simple enough. Let us fix our attention on one particular star—say, the pole star,

because it does not rise or set like other stars. Suppose you are sailing or flying towards the star, and that from time to time you measure its altitude—the angle above the horizon—by means of your sextant. As you sail on, over the round shoulder of the earth, the star comes higher and higher in the sky, and every degree you sail towards it brings the star a degree higher in the sky.

To take an absurd case, suppose you thought you were in London, where the altitude of the pole star is fifty-one-and-a-half degrees; you measure it with your sextant, and you find it half a degree more than that. Clearly, you are half a degree farther north than you thought you were, and you shift your position on the map half a degree towards the star. But this does not fix your position, because you may be east or west of that line to the star. In other words, you have fixed your latitude, but not your longitude, and all you can do is to draw a line on the map, a line in the right latitude. You must be somewhere on that line, so it is called a position line. But you can do exactly the same thing with any other star in the sky. Find how much the measured altitude differs from the calculated one—shift your position on the map accordingly, and at that point draw a position line at right angles to the bearing of the star. Two such position lines will intersect to give you a fix of your position.

'Much of this work is simplified today by means of tables, which cut out all the laborious calculations of the past. If you are interested, I hope you will go to see the exhibition called "Navigation Today" which is now at the Science Museum, and will be open for the next few months. One thing I am sure will impress you, and that is the way things have changed from the old days when navigation was a leisurely business. It did not matter in the old wind-jammer days if

you took forty minutes to work out your position, but in a modern jet-propelled aircraft—well, by the time you have worked out where you are, you are not there, if you see what I mean. And so all sorts of new methods are being used—new tables, new instruments, new ideas of all kinds'.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE

'If you want to recapture something of the interest and excitement of the days when every journey was an undertaking and an achievement, go back to the old ways and get a real caravan, not a mobile council house, and be pulled along by a horse', said G. W. H. LAMPE in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'Horse caravanning takes you into a completely new atmosphere—new because it is in fact very old. As ordinary speed becomes faster and the world steadily shrinks, travel grows relatively dull. But once you have to adjust yourself to the pace of a horse plodding along with nearly a ton weight to pull, the world expands in the most extraordinary way.

'It is easy enough to come by a caravan; in fact, unless perhaps you happen to live in the country, the cart will come before the horse, as it did in my own case. The countryside is littered with old caravans, to be picked up more or less for the asking. I was lucky in finding a magnificent specimen lying derelict in a field outside Oxford. It was a beautiful vehicle with elaborate carving on the outside, delightful gargoyle heads at the four corners of the roof, and all kinds of picturesque



A tulip field in Holland

fittings inside. It had been built by one Thomas of Gloucester, and Mr. Thomas had made a splendid job of it. It must have been the pride of the fairgrounds in its younger days, and when it had been painted up again in brilliant colours and fitted with new shafts and brakes—great solid chunks of elm, these—it was, indeed, handsome.

'The next item was getting the horse. This, of course, is where difficulties begin, especially when you scarcely know one end of a horse from the other. I took occasional driving instruction from a carrier during the winter, and I also received a mass of extraordinarily contradictory advice about care and maintenance: "Be sure to give him plenty of oats". "Just let him have some grass; he won't need oats". "Don't water him while he's working". "Let him have a drink whenever he fancies it", and so on. But for the modern townsmen it seemed for a time to be probably an easier business to acquire an elephant than a suitable horse. A few days before we were due to leave, there appeared in our village of Marston a great piebald mare. She looked harmless enough; but loose in her field she became a terrifying creature, a prancing steed straight out of the ancient poets, much belying her name of Daisy. Disregarding every kind of bait, she would run at one with venom in her eye and teeth at the ready, and if she failed to bite, she would manoeuvre into position for a *coup de grace* with her hooves. Once harnessed, with the help of local experts, she would either plunge about to the great danger of the van or stand foursquare, impervious to threats or enticements.

'Then, twenty-four hours before starting, Marston itself quite unexpectedly produced the ideal horse, one Tom, a fine, willing, steady character, whom my children learnt to ride, drive, and harness in the course of the trip, and who became a personal friend from whom we were really sorry to part when we sold him to a farmer at the other end.

'It sounds a commonplace to say that this form of travel is the way to see the country; but it is more true than one would realise. In a small-scale country like ours you do not appreciate its geography when you are in a car. In a caravan you follow it field by field and hedge by hedge. Crossing a watershed is an excitement, as you plod slowly up a river valley until your stream disappears, drive along the top, and pick up the stream going in the opposite direction before you begin to edge your way down the other side. We really noticed and understood the astonishing variations in the scenery: up on to the bare rolling hills of north Oxfordshire with the yellow stone and thatch of the villages, plunging down what seems a gigantic hill into Warwickshire and the black-and-white houses, through the Worcestershire orchards until we saw the first hopfield, then the deep valleys and the great hills as the Shropshire timber gives way to the severe Welsh stone; and so up into the mountains, past Snowdon itself with great storm-clouds blowing round snow-covered rocks, down through the passes to the sea, and at last following the old road of the saints, dotted with little churches standing lonely in the fields, until the crest of the holy island of Bardsey appeared over the moors and our destination came into sight.

'I had supposed that a caravan trip meant sitting behind a horse and smoking one's pipe in peaceful contemplation. This is not so, at any rate not so in the Midlands and Wales. I chose my route to avoid the worst hills, but there are plenty of "banks" (as one learns to call them) which appear on no map and would never be noticed in a car. Then the procedure is to dismount. One member of the party runs at the horse's head to give him a powerful start; another follows behind ready to shove on the back wheel when the pace slackens, carrying a

stone to drop behind the wheel when the horse decides to take a breather half-way up. This is usually followed by a downhill walk to ease his load on a slippery descent. Altogether, caravanning is no mean form of exercise'.

A BOTTLE OF SPO—

'I had not thought about Spo for years—since I was a boy, in fact—until my seven-year-old daughter came home from school the other day and asked for some', said NORMAN TURNER in 'The Northcountryman'. 'Suddenly there flooded back into my head memories of hot summer days with frequent swigs from a medicine bottle containing a pale brown liquid. At the bottom of the bottle was a splodge of black, a lump of liquorice—the sort you buy at the chemist—which when you shook it up vigorously in water, transferred some of its colour to the liquid. And when the bottle had been emptied, it was simply a matter of filling up again with water, more violent shaking, and there was another allowance of Spo!

'Years ago, Spo-drinking was an important part of the festivities of spring. There was even a Spo Sunday—the first Sunday in May—when people climbed the slopes to the mountain springs and there drank the waters. Sometimes they stayed for the rest of the day playing games around the spring. There is, of course, some connection between these activities and the well-dressings that take place in other parts of the north—we know that there were pagan ceremonies of a similar nature—but I have not heard that Spo Sunday was ever taken over, like the well-dressings, for Christian purposes. It was observed in the Halifax area before the first world war as a day of temperance rallies, although the observance of Spo Sunday there seems to have been a much older custom.

'The name "Spo" is a corruption of spa, a watering place, and at least one of the springs visited by country people was credited with having medicinal qualities similar to those of the more fashionable watering places'.

—AND A BOTTLE OF 'MANNA OF ST. NICHOLAS'

Beneath the high altar of a church which bears his name at Bari the bones of St. Nicholas, the Santa Claus of northern Europe, have lain through the centuries, and every year at Bari a traditional ceremony takes place. This year's festival had a special significance because the bones of St. Nicholas were exhumed from their tomb, and subjected to what is called a 'recognition' or an official check. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'According to legend', he said, 'the Saint was Bishop of the city of Mira, in Asia Minor, and after his death was buried in the church there. From his tomb there immediately began to flow a miraculous spring of water with healing properties. By the time the Bari expedition went to fetch the bones, the city of Mira had been laid waste by Saracens, and the church was in ruins, but the bones were still distilling a miraculous fluid in such quantities that they had to be kept in a large water barrel during the voyage back to Italy, and the people of Bari will tell you that they are still distilling this liquid, which is called the "manna of St. Nicholas"'. It collects, they say, in the bottom of his coffin, and every so often the clergy of the church of St. Nicholas mop it up with a sponge on a long rod. It is then diluted with ordinary water and sold in small bottles to pilgrims. The authorities who were present at the exhumation announced that the bones are still dripping with liquid'.



An elaborately carved horse caravan, typical of those made towards the end of the last century

The Menace to Free Journalism in America

By MARY McCARTHY

THE voice of dissent must be heard', Henry Ford is said to have written in his will. To many people abroad—and some in America also—the old millionaire's injunction will have a quavery, antique sound, like some tinny, aged, Model-T Ford on the streamlined highway of American conformity. Reading in its newspapers of Congressional investigations, Europe today shakes in its boots for us. Opposition, it is believed, has been silenced in this republic. Americans live sweating in a blanket of fear. Nobody dares speak out against current tendencies; each man is in terror of his neighbour or of the occupant of the next desk. There is a one-party press, reinforced by radio, television, and movies. If any man speaks out, he is a hero, risking martyrdom for his ideas. The country, by and large, consists of a mass of docile slaves and a few such heroes and stalwarts whose words ring out in the silence.

European View

I need not add details to this picture, which is doubtless a familiar one. We Americans do not have to read the foreign press to be aware of the likeness in which we are cast: we see it reflected in the eyes of foreign visitors, who begin to look at us curiously whenever we criticise America, as though to say, 'Are you not afraid to speak openly?' If we continue to express our opinions, we are set down as peculiar, not typical, in short, as un-American. The European view of the American oppositionist coincides, in other words, with the view of the Un-American Committee.

Unfortunately, things are not as simple as our sympathisers believe. If by dissent you mean communism or fellow-travelling, then it is quite true that it is dangerous to dissent in America today. Even to have been a communist or an organisational fellow-traveller at some time in the past is dangerous, especially if you teach in a college or work for a government agency or for the movies or the radio—dangerous, that is, unless you have recanted in public. But when people today, in America as well as abroad, say that the voice of opposition has been silenced over here, they are not referring to communists or fellow-travellers. They mean that old-fashioned liberal opinion is afraid to make itself heard.

This is false, and anyone who believes it is in no position to understand the current American situation or the nature of American conformity. This myth itself is a product of stereotyped thinking, the special stereotype of conventional liberalism. The idea of a tiny, courageous minority reduced to whispering its thoughts is very congenial to the present-day liberal mind, which likes to think of itself as beleaguered, surrounded, without friends or allies, brave and yet timorous—for of course it has to be timorous, since it is the voice of the little people everywhere. A person who is not fearful is not regarded as a true liberal in America today; not to be fearful when fear is in the air is really rather undemocratic. Well-to-do liberals gather in expensive apartments to eat heavy meals and drink cognac and commiserate with each other on the atmosphere of fear. To show just the right degree of well-modulated anxiety about current trends is a democratic ceremonial. Satire, contempt, and anger strike the wrong note; they suggest that the speaker is not properly fearful of the consequences of free speaking. The hero of the liberal magazines is always described, virtuously, as an 'outspoken critic' of something or other, as though to be a silent critic were the normal state of man. Conventional liberals and the magazines that represent them share the flattering belief that they are alone in expressing the opinions they hold, opinions which are being voiced, in fact, from the pulpits of churches, from radio and television round-tables, from the colleges and the judiciary; and, above all, in multitudinous editorials from the enlightened magazine press.

Take the question of Senator McCarthy. No respectable magazine in America supports McCarthy's activities. He has been criticised by *Time*, by *The New Yorker*, by the liberal fortnightly *The Reporter*, by the liberal weeklies, *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, by the Jesuit weekly *America*, by the lay Catholic weekly *Commonweal*, by *The Christian Science Monitor*, not to mention the big conservative

newspapers and the monthly magazines. It may well be argued that this criticism is not effective. The point is, however, that it has been made repeatedly, and particularly in the weekly magazines that traditionally correct and analyse the news issuing from the daily press.

The weekly magazines in America have always specialised in dissent. This might be socialist, progressive, populist, or it might, as in recent years with *The Nation* and *The New Republic*, merely express a certain fretfulness with the way things were going. Humour, in the old weekly magazines like the original *Life* and *Judge*, was a kind of dissent, even if a mechanical or feeble one—it gave another view of life and made a butt of the topical. *The New Yorker*, in its cartoons and editorials, belongs in this line. It campaigned for world-government and against noise in the Grand Central Station; it deflates advertising slogans and speaks, in a tone of humorous protest, for the shrunken individualist inside the business suit. This is the perennial dissent of the middle-class married man against the world of things and women—the world of *New Yorker* advertising. In its curious way, even *Time* is a dissenting magazine: its distortion of normal syntax reveals this, and its angular treatment of the news, which generally appears in its pages in a twisted, ductile state, like a Modigliani woman. The quest for novel presentation in *Time* involves a rejection of the ordinary ways of looking at events; the idea of the news behind the news, implies a notion of otherness behind the mere visible. *Time*, at bottom, is a magazine of cranks and fantasists coated with success: a recent long article proving that Gnosticism was responsible for the last ten centuries of troubles illustrates the point well. *Newsweek*, in its turn, was a dissent from *Time*—another slanting, in a more conservative direction, a different inside story. *The Reporter*, a fortnightly, is a cross between *Time* and *The Nation*.

This characteristic of the weekly magazines becomes more evident if you compare them to the monthly magazines, *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*, on the one hand, and to the sober daily press, the *New York Times*, and the *Herald Tribune*, on the other. In the monthly magazines and in the sober press everything is normal and orderly and decently representative, if dull. The weekly magazines are all aberrant; they style news and opinion to achieve a certain standard derangement of reality.

Sense of Mechanical Repetition

If dissent, then, is vented weekly, in one form or another, in the leading American magazines, what is lacking? Why does the belief persist that criticism is being stifled in this country? The truth, at its simplest, I think, is that people, not just liberal intellectuals, but ordinary liberal people, teachers, doctors, lawyers, and so on, are made restless at seeing their own opinions mirrored week after week in the journals that are written for them. What they object to is not lack of agreement with their own political conclusions but the sense of mechanical repetition that drones from those familiar pages. Many liberal people during the presidential campaign, for example, actually preferred to read the press of the opposition, not just to find out what the extreme right was saying but in the hope of reading something they had not read before. What they are missing today is not political virtue but political thought.

Take the case of Senator McCarthy again. Here is a man who has been prominently displayed on the public stage for the past four years. He has excited loathing as well as partisanship, but in all the criticism that has been published of him only two recent articles have appeared—one in *Commentary*, one in *The New Leader*—that have tried to examine him seriously either as a man or a phenomenon. *The New York Times*, I am told, declined to review McCarthy's own book, *McCarthyism*, on the ground that it might spread his ideas. But of course his 'ideas' are in full circulation, while no real ideas about him—what sort of man this is, what forces formed him, what forces in respectable society are behind him, how these forces can be countered—are discussed in the very magazines that oppose him. McCarthy's apologists insist that most of his attackers do not know a thing about him. This is true, though

there is a great deal of information available, much of it on public record, not only about him but about his associates and sponsors. But the liberal magazines, old and new, prefer to treat him as a nightmare and thereby heighten the helpless terror of their readers, who have already been conditioned to pure masochism as a substitute for thought in politics.

Or take Senator Taft. Sporadic glimpses have been offered of him, some of them very revealing. But the political evolution of this curious and contradictory man has never been traced, and no magazine seems to exist today that is capable of fostering in its readers more than flickering interest in what Senator Taft is really like. This sort of elementary interest, a humanistic curiosity, is dying, even among readers; they are ceasing to remember what such an interest was. Take the McCarran Act. It has been the target of many 'fine editorials', but when the French crew of the *Liberté* was refused shore leave, no magazine editor was moved to send a reporter down to the docks to get the kind of human-interest story that the old-fashioned crusading editor would have commissioned as a matter of course. The whole subject of Europe, similarly, has fallen into neglect, except for those 'zones' in which American and Soviet interests publicly collide. American magazines print almost nothing from European magazines, and curiosity as to what Europeans are writing and thinking (except about America) is very sparse.

Only business men, apparently—to judge by the magazine racks—still retain the rudiments of curiosity about the world around them. *Fortune*, the expensive Luce magazine for big business, is one of the rare places where you can read articles treating some phenomenon in detail (how a certain factory works or discoveries-in-hormones). Unfortunately, *Fortune's* articles mostly read like publicity brochures. That worship of fact and homely inquisitiveness that legend attributes to the American character seems to be disappearing in a growingly ideologised world. The Luce publications profit from the absence of true reporting by hiring men of talent to produce clever arrangements of synthetic or plastic 'facts'. *Life* purports to give a picture of ordinary life, which is really a series of carefully contrived, posed stills that proffer a depthless intimacy, like the advertisements showing a society hostess at home. And *Time* satisfies its readers' craving for reality by creating a pseudo-reality, the pretended inside knowledge I have mentioned, which is really a kind of processing of facts garnered by researchers and interwoven with the opinions of *Time's* editors. And, aside from the slanting given a story on principle, the *Time* method itself, with its division of labour and anonymity, makes accuracy difficult. *Time's* account of an event is often bewilderingly different from the experience of anyone who was present on the scene.

The liberal weeklies, in the old days, attempted to furnish their readers with the true histories of events that were being falsified by the 'nought' press. Today, the liberal magazines, imagining themselves under fire, are mainly concerned with security. An anxiety not to give aid and comfort to the enemy drives them to suppress, like military censors,

any facts or ideas that might tend to support the enemy's side. This means, in practice, that they will hire hack writers in preference to writers of independent habits; the hack writer does not object to having his pieces cut and rewritten, and by his very nature he is docile to the editor's demands. The story the editor wishes him to write is already formed in his mind before he undertakes his research. And the growing practice of editorial 'collaboration' in magazines of all kinds, that is, of mapping out the story with the author or reporter before sending him out into the field, ensures conformity at its source. The editor master-minds the story and the author becomes his instrument—the organ-pipe for the editor-at the console.

When people complain of the absence of dissent in contemporary journalism what they have been noticing is this. Dissidence, in the old sense of a radical political disagreement with the whole of society, is not an important factor today. The Socialist Party and the various Marxist splinter-groups have not been suppressed by the majority; they have been absorbed by it. The non-communist left, of which so much used to be heard only a few years ago, has silently melted away; most of its members have relinquished either the belief in a democratic socialism or the hope of achieving it in any discernible future. American prosperity has silenced economic protest. The real dissidence of our period in America is the activity of thought itself, rebelling against the constraints of *idées reçues* and platitudes. Facts, in so far as they support thought, in so far as they are obstinately real, have become dissident also, that is, positively rebellious against the editorial strictures imposed on them.

And the greatest menace to free journalism in America today is not Senator McCarthy or Representative Velde—whatever may be said of them in other connections. It is the conceptualised picture of the reader that governs our present-day journalism like some unseen autocrat. The reader, in this view, is a person stupider than the editor, whom the editor both fears and patronises. He plays the same role the child plays in the American home and school, the role of an inferior being who must nevertheless be propitiated. 'What our readers will take' is the watchword of every magazine, right, left, or centre, of small or large circulation. When an article today is adulterated, this is not done out of respect for the editor's prejudices (which might at least give us an individualistic and eccentric journalism), but in deference to the reader's averageness and supposed stupidity. The fear of giving offence to some hypothetical dolt and the fear of creating a misunderstanding have replaced the fear of advertisers' reprisals. In this sense, indeed, we have a one-party press, a press ruled by the unseen reader. This sovereign cannot be dislodged, like a living politician, because he is a mere construct. He is more powerful than any senator because he includes every senator in himself by definition. And this picture of the reader is a truly undemocratic one, for when the editor of a magazine accepts it he denies the premise of equality, the only premise on which free communication between human beings can be carried on.

—Third Programme

Tunisia's Political Evolution

The second of two talks on North Africa by LORD KINROSS

THE countries of French North Africa have the same ingredients, but they are mixed in varying proportions. When I crossed the frontier from Morocco into Algeria not long ago I found myself in a country whose landscape was similar but whose atmosphere was radically different. Here, quite clearly, was no African colony, but a province of France—in aspect as well as in fact. In Oran, a port not unlike Marseilles, with a population which is two-thirds French—or at least European—I was hospitably entertained by the *Préfet*. He asked me what I would like to visit. Fresh from Morocco, I replied that I was interested in agricultural schemes for the benefit of the native population. The *Préfet* seemed to be a little non-plussed, and retired for a moment to confer with his colleague. The upshot was that I was taken by the colleague to see the fruits of a new barrage, fifty miles from Oran, which was irrigating 70,000 acres of land. The land, however, was owned predominantly by French settlers; and it was taken for granted that this should be so. 'But of course', said my guide, 'the Arabs, as farmers, have equal oppor-

tunities with the French'. Equal, I noted; not, as in Morocco, preferential.

I relate this incident, not necessarily in disparagement of what is called 'colonialism', but to show the differences in mixture which historical accident has created between one part of North Africa and another, and the differences of political emphasis which result from it. Algeria was occupied by the French 120 years ago and was developed, in terms of nineteenth-century colonisation, by an influx of European settlers, mainly Frenchmen and Spaniards. They were not only farmers but traders and industrialists, clerks and artisans. They made Algeria their permanent home, and their descendants and successors—now amounting to 1,000,000—have continued to regard it as such.

French North Africa has been called the fourth shore of Europe. The phrase applies not only to Algeria—and of course Morocco—but to Tunisia, where the European settlers are equally a powerful ingredient in the mixture.

Economically they are a powerful asset. They have created modern cities and a modern economy. They have used western techniques to develop land which they found, for the most part, abandoned and derelict. Eventually, of course, as the rural population continues to increase, their presence on this land may lead to some kind of agrarian crisis. But, for the moment, land hunger exists only in the imagination of the urban nationalist. The problem is rather to induce the peasant—with his nomadic habits—to settle on the land at all; or if he does so to cultivate more than a bare subsistence crop. Meanwhile the European farmer, producing two or three times as much from similar land, contributes substantially to the general economy, he employs Arab labour at a decent wage; and in his methods serves as an example to the more evolved Arab landowners. In practice it is often in these colonial areas that relations between French and Arabs are smoothest.

Where the presence of the European does create problems is, of course, in the field where the political aims of French and Arabs compete. Here there is a cleavage in French policy which cuts right across North Africa. In Tunisia it deepens to such an extent that the windows of the Residency in Tunis are just as likely to be broken by Frenchmen as by Arabs. It is a cleavage between economic interests and political principles—or at least political expediency: between those Frenchmen who regard North Africa as predominantly their property because they have helped to create it; and those Frenchmen who recognise that it must, sooner or later, in some form or another, be regarded as the property of the Arabs (and when I say Arabs I include also the Berber element). Nor is this a simple vertical cleavage—as it tends to be in British colonial Africa—between settlers on the one hand and Government on the other. It is a horizontal cleavage, between traditionalist officials and settlers on the one hand and reformist officials and settlers on the other. And it is a cleavage fraught with bitterness, in which the liberal is often boycotted by the diehard as being what he calls a 'bad Frenchman'.

In Algeria the cleavage has been resolved, for the moment, by an adequate compromise. Here the French Government, by putting the clock on soon enough, has not had to put it on too far. In 1947 a reformist Governor-General, in spite of traditionalist opposition, established a system of elective institutions, including a national assembly, on a Franco-Arab basis. Though still far removed from internal autonomy, this system does seem to have won tacit acceptance from an appreciable section of the educated Arabs—and it might appease even the nationalists if their more sober elements were encouraged to participate in it more freely. 120 years of colonisation have developed subconsciously, in the average Algerian, the habit of association with the French; thus their policy of granting French

citizenship may in the long run provide the basis for a solution.

In Tunisia the native ingredients are different. The country, unlike Algeria, has a dynasty which serves as a nationalist focus; and it has a stronger sense of national identity. It has a relatively large middle class, which is undoubtedly the most evolved in North Africa, and is

in a sense more evolved than the middle class of Egypt. There is no Berber element to divide the country. The religious element is less strong than in Algeria or Morocco. The proletariat is smaller. Tunisia is essentially a bourgeois country, more homogeneous socially and more advanced intellectually than its neighbours.

Thanks to its geographical position the Tunisians have been susceptible, throughout their history, to cultural influences from both east and west, and have arrived at a distinctive synthesis between the two. Under the Turks their dynasty evolved an administrative class, whose traditions survive, and to which nothing in Algeria or Morocco is comparable. Thus several generations have helped to form the Tunisian nationalist, where only one has formed the Moroccan. He has inherited a certain experience of the world, with a suppleness of mind and a refinement of sensibility which are essentially oriental. To this have now been added the rational influences—and above all the liberal influences

—of a French education. The Tunisian has developed an inquiring mind. He disputes with a French blend of logic and scepticism, but with an added oriental pliancy. He is emancipated from the more crippling influences of his religion, and is capable of a critical detachment all too rare in the Arab mind. He can see facts as well as abstractions. He can see reason. But with French logic he has also imbibed French ideals:

the ideal of patriotism, and the ideal of democracy, of that freedom of the individual which inspired not only the French Revolution but the European nationalist movements of the nineteenth century. He has thus developed a certain pride in being a Tunisian, and is not prepared, as the Algerian may be, to become a Frenchman instead. But he is ready to live with the French, to share his social, economic, and cultural life with them, provided he can do so in his own right, with his political sovereignty unimpaired. It is a source of disillusion to him that France, which he has always regarded as the home of freedom, now prevents him from practising the principles which it has taught him.

The reason for this is that in North Africa, as I have indicated, there are two kinds of Frenchmen. Tunisian politics, during the past few years, present a sad, confused picture of concessions offered to the Arabs with one hand and taken back with the other. The story behind it is that of progressive French Residents-General introducing reforms and of reactionary officials and settlers undoing them: in the Tunisian administration by passive resistance, in Paris by active Parliamentary



Scene in a market street in Tunis



M. Jean de Hauteclocque, Resident-General in Tunisia

pressure; it is a story of consequent Arab violence, followed by French violence, the arrest of the nationalist leaders, and the uneasy state of public insecurity which prevails in Tunisia today. It is the story, in short, of a series of French governments too weak in parliamentary support to pursue a consistent policy, at once conciliatory and firm.

Yet the Tunisians should be amenable to such a policy. They are beginning to grasp economic realities: to understand that political independence for their country must always be qualified by economic dependence; that without the support of France, or some other western power, it must cease to exist as a modern state. This attitude reflects a political evolution which is perceptible today in the Arab nationalist movement as a whole. When a Nahas or a Mossadeq cried for the expulsion of the British from Egypt or Persia he meant it. When a Habib Bourguiba cries for the expulsion of the French from Tunisia he only half means it. Even the more moderate members of his Neo-Destour Party will periodically play the demagogue. But their more extreme demands are a matter of tactics rather than conviction.

Vested Interests of Petty Officials

Here lies the difference between the Tunisian and the French extremist. The intransigent Frenchman means all he says. Regardless of the world around him, he seeks a permanent French domination over Tunisia, as over Algeria. This view, not unlike that of Dr. Malan and his followers, is not generally held by the farmers, who have achieved a certain social harmony with the Tunisians, and can imagine that a degree of political harmony might equally be possible. Nor is it held by the more experienced officials in the traditionalist camp. But it is widely held by the business community, and by a large number of minor officials—those *petits fonctionnaires* who are the bane of many a French community. The *fonctionnaire* in Tunisia forms part not of the over-all Colonial Service but of a separate Tunisian service, and he thus has a strong vested interest in the country. His father may well have been an official there before him, and he is determined that his son shall be an official there after him. He does everything in his power to prevent Tunisians from encroaching on what he regards as his rightful preserves. Though a member of the executive, he is thus continually engaging in politics, often in active opposition to the government he serves. He derives strong support from a pressure group of Corsicans, in the administration and elsewhere: a stiff-necked breed, who imbibe politics like strong drink and are always spoiling for a fight. They are believed by the Tunisians—and indeed by responsible Frenchmen—to be the nucleus of an underground 'resistance movement', armed against the nationalists. The more responsible element of the French opposition is less extreme in its views and more oblique in its approach. It has ceased to think in terms of annexation. It envisages rather some form of permanent control over the country which is more indirect than direct, as at present, but is nevertheless control.

The Tunisians are fond of an analogy which points a distinction between the British colonial system and the French. The French pharmacist, they say, changes the label on the bottle but keeps the contents. The British pharmacist changes the contents but keeps the label. Certainly in Tunisia the label of 'internal autonomy' does denote different contents when it is written in Arabic and when it is written in French. In the first bottle is Arab autonomy, with safeguards for French interests; in the second is joint autonomy, on a Franco-Arab basis.

This is the policy which the régime of M. de Hautecloque, the product of a traditionalist victory, seems at present to be pursuing. It is the familiar policy of building Franco-Arab representative institutions, generally on a fifty-fifty basis, from the local to the national level. The French hope to gain the adherence of nationalists, if not collectively at least individually, for this policy, and so, with the added support of their own adherents, to make it work. Had it been introduced in 1947, as in Algeria, it might have worked. Today, imposed on the Bey by dictation, it is unlikely to do so. It follows the dismissal of a group of nationalist ministers and their replacement by a group of pro-French ministers—'collaborationists', as the nationalists call them. Its assemblies risk being unrepresentative of the educated class, whose elite will regard them as French puppet institutions. With its vagueness as to ultimate objectives, hence its implications of permanent joint control, it deviates too far from the promises of real autonomy, made from time to time by previous régimes. The municipal elections which are now being held—as a first instalment of this policy—have been accompanied by Arab violence and widely boycotted by Arab voters. Before imposing the next instalment—a national assembly—

the French government would do well to pause, and, when the present temperature has cooled, to explore the prospects of a negotiated agreement, with the Bey and a delegation which includes at least the more moderate of the Neo-Destourians.

There are, as a Nationalist put it to me, two aspects of the problem: the interests of France and the interests of the French. 'The one', he said, 'we are ready to satisfy. The other we are ready to discuss'. The nationalists are ready to concede, without discussion, the requirements of France for the defence of Tunisia—particularly the big naval base at Bizerta—and for the conduct of its foreign affairs. A French Resident-General would remain for this purpose, and for the purpose also of safeguarding the interests—which are largely economic—of the French population. These would be discussed within the framework of Tunisian political aspirations. They are threefold: an all-Tunisian ministry, to direct home affairs; an all-Tunisian administration; and an all-Tunisian national assembly. In fact, if not always in speech, the nationalists are prepared to approach these objectives by stages, to regard them as the ultimate ends of a period of transition, and to accept, in the meantime, agreed modifications concerning them, including the continued assistance of French officials.

Already a number of departments are in the hands of Tunisian ministers. The rest could be relinquished to them over a period of years, the departments of finance and security last of all. The French have already agreed to admit only Tunisians, henceforward, in to the administration, and the Tunisians themselves envisage here a process which might take up to twenty-five years. The most serious obstacle to agreement is the proposed national assembly, in which the Tunisians deny the right of the French to be represented. But since their accent is on the word 'right' there is room for a compromise which would safeguard Tunisian sovereignty: perhaps the nomination rather than the election of French representatives; perhaps the establishment of a second assembly, to deal with economic matters—an assembly which might develop into a kind of senate. The most imaginative proposal—which comes from a French source—is for dual Franco-Tunisian citizenship. Frenchmen, if they chose, could become Tunisian citizens in Tunisia, while remaining French citizens in France. They would thus participate not as foreigners but as nationals in the political life of an autonomous country. The French, at present, have more chance of success in Tunisia by turning Frenchmen into Tunisians than by turning Tunisians into Frenchmen.

Need to Educate Opinion

It is all a question, as one Frenchman said to me, of educating opinion. 'I mean', he added, 'French opinion'. Fundamentally, as a French writer has pointed out, what the settlers fear is not an independent Tunisia but the independence of a backward Tunisia. If they can be persuaded to assist instead of hampering the evolution of the Tunisian, such fears should become groundless. As to Tunisian opinion, the French have a chance—perhaps a last chance—today to win the confidence of that moderate nationalism which is possibly stronger in Tunisia than in any other part of the Arab world—and which indeed reflects the best traditions of French political thought. They can do so, in the first place, by abandoning that exchange of broadsides between Resident and Bey which has lately taken the place of discussion, and replacing it by the principle of free and equal negotiation. The Arabs of North Africa have a saying: the Moroccan, they say, is a lion, the Algerian is a man, the Tunisian is a woman. The Moroccan has still to be tamed; the Algerian can be dealt with on a man to man basis; the Tunisian has to be wooed, by diplomacy and flattery: by all those subtle arts, indeed, at which the French as a race excel.

—Third Programme

In its first supplement (price 5s.) the *Economic History Review* publishes an extremely important article by H. R. Trevor-Roper on 'The Gentry, 1540-1640'. In it Mr. Trevor-Roper subjects to criticism the ideas of Professor R. H. Tawney on the social and class structure of the English people between the dissolution of the monasteries and the first meeting of Long Parliament. His criticism is based largely on statistical grounds (though no one would pretend that seventeenth-century statistics are conclusive) and he argues that the distinction drawn by Dr. Tawney between peers and gentry is an artificial one: there were 'improving' peers and decaying gentry. Mr. Trevor-Roper's indictment of what had become a widely accepted view will command respect, though future economic historians may perhaps find a *via media* between his interpretation and that of Dr. Tawney in an 'expanding' if not a 'rising' gentry.

The Queen's Portrait on New Coins

By CHARLES MITCHELL

I WANT to consider one of the designs for the new coins, the most important—Mrs. Gillick's new image of the Queen's head. I want to ask what in it is old and what new and what both the continuity and the change imply? Compare first of all the new

obverses with those of, say, Queen Victoria's first pennies. What they have most evidently in common is the pose. Both heads are in strict profile; both represent a young Queen in a formal detached image. But, compared with the new design, the Victorian one is a very

Roman affair indeed. The economical inscription—'Victoria by the Grace of God' with the date below—is blunt but unmistakably classic. The head swells up, hard at the edges like an antique relief, and the neck is cut off in a wavy sculptural line. We think of Roman coins like those portraying the younger Faustina, pieces prized for their gravity and beauty by generations of early classically minded collectors.

The new portrait, by contrast, makes an altogether lighter, less obviously classic, impression. True, the titles are still in Latin: 'Elizabeth II by the Grace of God of all Britain Queen, Defender of the Faith'. But the elegant lettering, barely wedging out towards the serif, is, if anything, not classic but medieval or Renaissance in origin. And if the laurel wreath has come back, it is quite transformed. What a difference there is between the archaic laurels of, let us say, George IV, or the discreet wreath worn on certain of her coins by Queen Victoria, and this graceful, leafy crown of triumph with its ribbons flowing out behind. Newest of all is the bust. Instead of the truncated neck we are used to, we see the shoulders in a curiously short segment. The simplest lines unite in a single harmony the modern dress with the nape of the neck and bunched hair on one side, and the rhythmic angle of throat and chin on the other. And the peculiar way the shoulders are cut off below, in a shallow swollen arc that echoes the circle of the inscription, is a thing we have never seen in our coins before.

Why do we stick to the traditional profile? We cannot begin to answer that question without linking modern to ancient history. When Julius Caesar, as it seems, allowed coins to be struck in his lifetime bearing his own profile head, he turned his back on the Republic. For the profile coin-image of a living ruler was a recognised symbol of monarchy—the badge of Hellenistic kingship, carrying with it memories of the world-dominion of Alexander the Great; memories of the gods in whose likeness Alexander's images were made. Augustus and his successors hardened the fashion and gave it a Roman imperial stamp

which still impresses our minds. Ask anyone to think of the coin-portrait of a Roman emperor, and it is ten to one he will bring to his mind's eye the splendid profile head of an early Caesar—an Augustus, a Tiberius, a Nero, or a Vespasian. And no wonder: because for

over 300 years the series of imperial profiles was unbroken, countless thousands lodging in the earth for future ages to turn or kick up.

But in the early fourth century there was a change. Just before Constantine transferred the seat of empire to Constantinople, direct frontal images invaded the Roman coinage. Maxentius, whom Constantine was to defeat at the Milvian Bridge, issued a remarkable coin. His head swung round from the profile position and fixed on the spectator eyes which it still troubles us to look into. The appearance of those frontal portraits was at first sporadic; but by the sixth century, when the centre of the Empire was settled in Byzantium, the frontal imperial image became normal. Out of his coins, the most impressive ones at least, the Emperor looked at you face to face, as he had long looked at his soldiers from their standards, on his subjects from his portrait set up above the seats of magistrates, and as Justinian, stiff and ceremonial, still looks at us from his mosaic at Ravenna. The coin-portrait, in fact, approximated to an imperial and religious cult-image, an image with the virtue of life in it—magic. The reason why in Byzantine art Judas Iscariot and his like, they alone, are always shown in profile with averted eyes, is to keep their evil eye off you.

Let me picture the new situation from the pages of Gregory of Tours, the historian of the Franks. The Byzantine Emperor Tiberius II sent a gift of some gold medallions to the Merovingian king Chilperic. Gregory tells how Chilperic showed them to him. On one side they recognised the image of the emperor, perpetual Augustus; on the other, a chariot with the legend—'the glory of the Romans'. These medallions are lost. But I think we can be sure of the sort of imperial icon the barbarian king and the learned bishop were scrutinising together. It must have been a front-faced head of the emperor, the regular Byzantine image of hieratic majesty. And so we have to reckon with a second kind of Roman imperial coin-portrait, no less canonical than the early western profiles; and it lasted in various forms for nearly 1,000 years. Not that the profile disappeared entirely. It persisted in Byzantium, and it lingered on in the barbaric coinages of the west, sometimes debased almost beyond recognition. In Anglo-Saxon England, indeed, it had quite an eventful history of its own. But that is another story. Broadly speaking, we can

say that the medieval history of the profile coin in the west was one of mere survival; for the early Middle Ages a more or less faint memory of the usage of the old Empire; and for the later Middle Ages an almost total eclipse by frontal images of majesty.

But there were a few exceptions: deliberate, significant revivals. One was the work of Charlemagne. After being crowned emperor in

Rome in A.D. 800 he promulgated coins unparalleled in his time from mints all over his realm: and the obverses showed his own profile bust, laureate and in classical dress. They were not vaguely Roman. The

prototypes belong precisely to the age of Constantine. In asserting his restoration of the Western Empire, Charlemagne jumped back five centuries and put himself in direct succession to the first and last Christian Augustus of the west. Another western revival was the work of the emperor



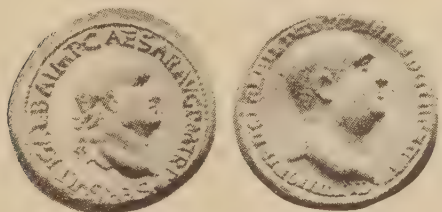
The effigy of Queen Elizabeth II for the obverse of all United Kingdom and Commonwealth coins: designed by Mary Gillick. Right: the 1841-1860 design for the Victorian penny



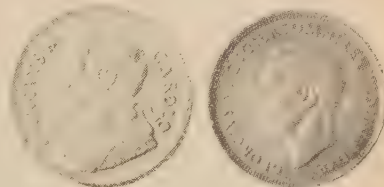
Medal of Sigismondo Malatesta, designed by Pisanello, c. 1445



The frontal portrait: gold coin of Maxentius, A.D. 309-311; and (right) sixth-century mosaic of Justinian



Roman imperial coin of the first century A.D., of Sesterce of Galba, from which has been copied (right) a medal of Francesco II of Carrara, Lord of Padua (1390)



Halfpenny of Charles II, 1672, and (right) George VI penny

Frederick II in the thirteenth century—a period of universal frontal images—when he issued his *augustales*: gorgeous gold coins with his head on one side and the Roman eagle on the other. Again it was a calculated archaeological revival. A third return to the antique profile occurred late in the fourteenth century. But this—at the heart of my argument—was more than an isolated stroke of policy. It was herald to a whole movement of Renaissance, still not at rest. And if one man can be said to have sounded it, that man is Petrarch.

Petrarch describes how, when he was in Rome, a vine-dresser would often come to him with an antique gem or a gold or silver coin he had dug up, gashed (it might be) by his spade; and how the labourer would invite him to buy it or identify the portrait figured upon it. 'Whose is this image and superscription?' 'Caesar's'. So, doubtless, Petrarch often replied, as his expert eye distinguished one Roman emperor's features from another's. And when Petrarch calls these coins not simply 'old' but 'antique', we know what he meant. They preserved the authoritative profiles of the early Empire—profiles like Caesar's head on the tribute-money: quite distinct from the frontal images on Byzantine and contemporary coinage. Petrarch eagerly collected these relics. When he sat reading the life of an old Roman emperor in Suetonius or the Augustan History, he liked to have a coin-portrait in his hand.

History for Petrarch, as for his age, was a providential order, full of warnings for posterity, if it would only listen. But, beyond his contemporaries, he had an especially tender sense of the lapse of time. The distant voices were half-silenced by the injury of dark ages and the careless, ignoble hearts of the living. And Petrarch, a poet, felt the peculiar power of tangible memorials, relics as I called them, to revitalise that glorious lost antiquity. Let him recover them from the wreckage, see and touch them—a true text of Cicero, a work of St. Augustine, a carved gem, an imperial Roman coin still gleaming from its rust—and the abyss was bridged.

Petrarch's talk with Charles IV

Yet to write about ancient history was only second-best. Petrarch longed for a renewal of virtue in modern princes so that he could transmit their glory to a future age as the ancients had transmitted theirs to his own. In 1354, the emperor Charles IV descended into Italy on his way to be crowned in Rome, and he summoned Petrarch to his presence. After a hard winter journey over icy roads Petrarch arrived in Mantua. He entered the emperor's chamber. The candles were lit, the shutters closed, the attendants withdrew, leaving the two men alone in conversation. At length the talk fell on Petrarch's own writings—on his scheme to write a book of the lives of the famous men of antiquity. Charles begged the dedication. That would depend, said Petrarch, with the freedom of age and wisdom, on whether Charles, by his acts, should deserve it. Then Petrarch did something he had carefully meditated. He drew from his habit certain coins, very old, showing the heads of Roman emperors and their titles inscribed in tiny letters, and offered them to the emperor: 'These, Caesar, are your predecessors; these are the men whom you must study to imitate'.

Charles lost his dedication. His hurried coronation and his retreat from Italy earned Petrarch's bitterest reproaches: this was no world-emperor, but a mere king of Bohemia sighing for home. The dedication went in the end to Francesco Carrara, Lord of Padua, whose court became a nursery of Petrarch's teaching; and it was Carrara's son, Francesco the younger, who carried the cult of the Roman coin into contemporary history. In 1388 Padua was forced to yield to the tyrant of Milan, who treacherously took the elder Carrara into captivity. But two years later, in 1390, the son valiantly recaptured the city; and to record his exploit he had struck a number of medals bearing his own portrait. The significant thing is that this portrait was thoroughly antique: copied almost exactly from a Roman imperial coin of the first century A.D. In an age of frontal coin-images, a Paduan commander deliberately chose the Augustan profile as the most proper form to perpetuate his fame.

The final step in this Petrarchan argument was taken fifty years later when Pisanello, the painter, suddenly—it seems—invented a new kind of medal. These early Renaissance medals were not struck like the Carrara pieces, but cast as sculpture; not cold imitations of the antique, but recreations—reincarnations—of the antique in the form of lifelike modern portraiture. Pisanello's earlier medals—soft and meticulous in style, a little crowded in composition—clearly show their Gothic origin; the later ones become ever more lucid, simple and monumental. Antiquity seems to be born again. Pisanello's first sitter,

appropriately enough, was the last Byzantine emperor but one, John Palaeologus, who had come to Italy to discuss the union of the eastern and western churches. Then followed a wonderful series of heads of Italian worthies—princes and princesses, captains of war, courtiers, men of letters. All of them, scholars as well as rulers, now wished to invest themselves with the glory of Rome. And it was a specifically imperial glory. We happen to know, from the conversation at a dinner-party in Rome in 1446, how one prince enhanced his reputation by sitting to Pisanello for a medal. His friends and peers praised him for having his image taken 'after the manner of the Roman emperors'; and they trusted that, having 'imitated antique custom' in this way, he would go on to equal the solid fame and glory of his exemplars in other enterprises too. Are we surprised that these new portraits *à l'antique* are all in profile?

Let us look at one of them more closely: the head of Sigismondo Malatesta of Rimini. His medal is of noble proportion, three-and-a-half inches across. The bust, in strict right profile, is reduced to the simplest expression of crisp low relief. Unnecessary details are eliminated, those included given the fullest value. The eye is caught by the emphatic diagonal of the hair which bunches up behind to join the straight line of the neck; by the deep-set eye and the firm severe outline of the face moving down to the sharp angle of the chin and the abrupt slope of the breast. Sigismondo wears modern dress, a surcoat over chain-mail; and the shoulder is cut off in a shallow swollen arc running almost parallel with the inscription. The shape of the letters we also know: graceful capitals, more medieval perhaps than classical, slightly wedged at the extremities. And on either side of the head, enclosed by the encircling inscription, are clear candid spaces that give the image of Sigismondo Malatesta detachment, lightness, and dignity.

So we come back to our new coins of Queen Elizabeth. The new royal portrait is by no means an imitation of any one or other of Pisanello's medals; but its formal kinship—especially when we look at the large-scale models that have been published in the newspapers—is unmistakable. It breathes the air of the early Renaissance. Our modern British coinage now, in fact, recapitulates the story I have tried to tell. In 1672 Charles II marked the Stuart restoration by issuing new halfpennies and farthings with the figure of Britannia on one side taken from a Roman coin of Antoninus Pius, and on the other his own laureate head in the image of an old Roman emperor. It was a direct classic imitation which recalls the classic imitation and the Petrarchan aims of Francesco Carrara of Padua. Since then, for over 200 years, our coinage has stuck to antique formalities until their inspiration is pretty well exhausted. What organic relation is there in the coins of George VI between the photographic head and the sculptural curve of the neck? It was time, I think, for a leap of the imagination; and Mrs. Gillick has made it. Her new portrait of the Queen takes up the tradition of the profile coin-image at a point where there is no conflict between the old and the new. By reminding us of the Italian Renaissance medal she has given a perennial symbol of empire—one of the useful ornaments of our constitution—fresh vitality.—*Third Programme*

Winter Fountain

A bell, a ringing flower of glass,
Like a great grey convolvulus,
In one clear flourish gliding up,
Sings at the sky with open throat;
And from its cool pulsating cup
Topples against the breeze to float
In drifts of white and emerald
Down with a softened lark-like note
To the lake's dark and fish of gold.

The fountain's fingerlight cascade,
Its dance of glass and sun, is made
Out of the gutter's troubled flood
Storming with hundred-handed rain,
A tumult of dead leaves and mud:
But like a plant it springs again,
And the same wind will give it wings.
The gardener by his fire shall strain
His ear for how that strange bird sings

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Hellenism and the Modern World—V

The Hellenistic Age

By GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

THE Peloponnesian War not only left Athens and her rivals in the dust, but led, as has often been observed, to a change in the direction of Greek thought. The fifth century had been the Age of the Polis: a man's whole duty was towards his city; his pride and his hopes were centred in his city's greatness; the gods he worshipped were his city's gods; there was no greater glory than to die for his city. And now the city, with its claim for dominion, Archê, over subjects and rivals and over the minds and conscience of its citizens, had calamitously failed. In the fourth and third centuries the interest of thought in Greece had turned from the service of the city to the good of man and his soul.

Search for an Ideal City

The city died hard. It was the best form of society hitherto achieved. It did maintain a higher civilisation than any mere collection of tribes or any slavish oriental empire. Demosthenes, with splendid eloquence and courage, tried hard to preserve Athens, with all her faults, alive and free. Isocrates took the same view as Thucydides: it was not the city itself that was wrong; it was the pursuit of that wicked temptress Archê. Two of the great philosophers held the same faith. Plato, who had suffered bitterly through the whole age of baffled hope, and ultimate defeat, kept seeking always for some city that should be guided right, should seek not dominion, Archê, but justice, and itself be justice realised; perhaps an imagined heavenly city, perhaps the earthly city of a philosopher king. Aristotle set to work to study the necessary problems and, in order to have good material before him, actually made a collection of over a hundred different existing constitutions. But most of the great fourth-century schools—Stoics, Pythagoreans, Epicureans, Cynics, and devotees of the saviour-religions—have turned away from the consideration of worldly values and speak chiefly of the soul and its duties, virtue, wisdom, and inward peace.

As for Archê, that craving for power over others, which in its simplest form is merely an instinct of life and growth but may pass so swiftly both in nations and leaders of nations into the most ruinous of passions, it was already condemned. It had been to Thucydides 'the cause of all the evils'. Besides, the city-state soon proved to be too small and weak a unit to think of empire; her highest hope now—and that a precarious one—was to preserve her own freedom. For Archê there were now much larger units of power in strife with one another; not mere cities, but whole nations, or masses of barbaric tribes conquered and made more efficient by Alexander's generals. His successors found themselves in control of great half-barbaric empires, in which there was a sharp difference between the cities and the hinterland. The cities had been hellenised: there was Greek law; an accused person had free speech and a fair trial; he knew what the law was, and his punishment, if guilty, was of a civilised sort. The vast Asiatic hinterland had not yet been dealt with. There a king or a native satrap could condemn a man without trial, could invent his punishment; could, if he liked, condemn the offender's whole family with him. Outside the cities, the Syrian empire was still a place where, as a Greek poet puts it, 'heads are cut off, eyes gouged out, limbs mutilated; where boys are castrated and the air is filled with the groaning of men impaled or crucified'. Such an empire was still in the main barbaric, but under its Greek rulers it was eagerly trying to hellenise itself and become Greek. Indeed, the whole Mediterranean world was trying. Intelligent or enterprising men set themselves to copy Greek ways, to learn the Greek language, to read Greek books, to listen to Greek teachers and try to understand the secret of Greek superiority.

These two or three centuries are known as the Hellenistic Age; but it would be a mistake to think of the process as a simple one, between Greeks on the one side and mere 'barbarians' on the other. There was a great meeting and mingling of different cultures and traditions: Hebrew, Syrian, and Egyptian. But it was Hellenistic for two reasons. For practical purposes of business and diplomacy Greek had become the necessary language, while in the realms of the imagination and the

intellect there hung about all that was Hellenic an almost uncontested aura of superiority. Men sought to become 'hellenised', partly for reasons of fashion or utility, but also because at a time when races, customs, and religions were mingled and confused, Greek culture was not only held to be the noblest but was also the most tolerant and the least oppressive to new-comers in its rules and customs. The Jews, for instance, were 'a philosophic race', with their monotheism and their wonderful book telling how the world was really made. But there were difficulties in Judaism: unpleasant compulsory laws and customs; a great deal of prejudice, and the permanent doubt whether full membership was open to any but children of Abraham. The Egyptians, again, had masses of ancient wisdom. They had in Isis and Osiris a religion which summed up the vegetation worships that were practised everywhere. Then they had minor figures, like the divine baby Harpocrates, who attracted wide sympathy. But then, their worship of animals, their lack of any freedom or enlightenment! No, of the various possible cultures, Hellenism was by far the most attractive.

But to ape Greek habits was not to become Hellenic. It was easy for a barbarian to use Greek weapons and inventions, to practise Greek methods of commerce, to throw off a number of his native taboos and superstitions, and yet to remain in heart and conduct a barbarian. Nay, if it comes to that, it was not difficult for a Greek in a barbarian world to be barbarised without knowing it. Antiochus IV was determined to win the loyalty of his Asiatic subjects by hellenising them as fast as possible. That policy landed him in the hopeless barbarity of torturing and perhaps executing Jews, not for any unlawful act but in order to compel them to eat pork. A Hellene barbarised might be worse than any native barbarian. On the other hand, the mixture of Hellene and barbarian, at its best, might be something new and splendid. The Stoic school itself was founded by an Asiatic, Zeno, who had learnt and taught in Athens.

It was a strange, confused age. Perhaps what strikes one most is man's lack of control over his environment. He wanted so much and achieved so little. The successors of Alexander had very large forces, but they could not keep the sea clear of pirates. The Greek cities were always striving and praying for Homonoia, one-ness of heart, concord; but it always eluded them. They believed in equality, but somehow fell into enormous inequalities of wealth. Slavery is a typical case. Philosophers were troubled in mind about the whole institution, but it was far too strong for them: it could not be changed without frightful consequences. Neither Stoicism nor Christianity dared touch it. The New Testament says explicitly again and again: 'Slaves, obey your masters'; and the philosophers never said otherwise. Stoic, Pythagorean, Epicurean, and the rest were content to treat slavery as a misfortune like any other; to make in their own minds no difference between slave and free, and to welcome into their spiritual communities on terms of equality all men, slave or free, male or female, who were seekers for the divine truth.

Concentration upon Higher Things

There was an extraordinary output of idealist thought and ethics, Platonists, Stoics, and followers of Epicurus all rejecting the values of the material world and concentrating upon higher things; also an immense spread of the so-called saviour-religions gathered round Osiris, Hermes the Mediator, Asclepius the Divine Healer, and others who professed somehow to deliver mankind 'from the body of this death'. It is noteworthy that in our very imperfect records we find individuals constantly manumitting their own slaves by twos and threes, while the big world markets went on enslaving others by thousands. We hear of rich men doing wonders of generosity to help communities in distress; of doctors in times of pestilence giving up all fees, working night and day, and being rewarded at the end by a wreath of olive and an inscription which has happened to survive. We hear of great sacrifices made to ransom prisoners; and in one case of a man who gave himself up as a prisoner to pirates as a substitute for two captive women.

Hellenism in the true sense was open to all who 'sought wisdom'.

For wisdom was a thing of the soul and open to every man. Part of the wisdom, no doubt, was in the Hellenic culture itself: to love and keep alive the works of the old Greek poets and artists, creators of beauty, and the understanding of the great philosophers, seekers for wisdom and virtue. And, perhaps most of all, to carry on that great continuing effort by which Hellas had sought, in the words of a Delphic inscription, 'to tame the savageness of man' and 'to make gentle the life of the world'.

Did they utterly fail? Failure and success are relative terms, but amid much obvious failure in two great respects the hopes of the

Hellenistic Age were won. The leadership of the world fell not to any barbarous powers, but to the most Hellenic of organised societies, Rome, the city which had sat most devotedly at the feet of the great Greek writers and thinkers, and which did actually once produce a philosopher king and achieve an epoch of real world peace, which some historians have pronounced to be the happiest known period of human history. In the realm of the mind also it is a great thing that Rome did at least preserve a memory of something better than itself, a true Hellenism which can still be an inspiration to the world.

—Home Service

The Nature of Political Decision

By STUART HAMPSHIRE

PHILOSOPHY has no simple conclusions, and I do not now speak as a philosopher, for my conclusions will be simple. In the past few years there has poured from almost every source, from critics, philosophers, and other writers, a steady propaganda of intellectual gloom. Almost every day one reads or hears of the terrible times in which we live, of the collapse of values, the modern predicament, the crisis of the twentieth century—like a great cloud of tear-gas these phrases hang in the air and have become almost *clichés*. I wish to argue that this propaganda of gloom and discouragement is false, and has no foundation in fact or reason. The argument of despair makes its effect, as intellectual Vichyism always has, by two resources: first, by a cultivated obscurity of language and, second, by appealing to the mood of exhaustion which comes in any period after war. If one wishes to undermine people's confidence in their own powers of decision, one may begin by persuading them that any plain statement or direct argument on the larger issues of politics must always be superficial and shallow, merely in virtue of being plain and direct. To the philosophical mind, one may say, every serious issue is infinitely complex and any definite conclusion can only be an approximation to truth; better dark and desperate gropings rather than confident half-truths. Then one has a licence to muddy the stream of thought with tortured metaphors about 'modern man' and the 'human predicament'. This discouragement of plain statement has been a constant resource of German thinking, and, in moments of reaction after wars, it is sometimes borrowed by French and English writers. Radical thought was nearly drowned in romantic obscurity in Europe after Napoleon, and it is threatened again now.

Belief in a Single Method of Reform

What is this much-advertised collapse of values and crisis of belief? Perhaps it is true that men have often in the past looked for some single goal towards which they could direct all their decisions in politics; they have often believed that, if only some single method of reform were everywhere applied, they would finally enjoy a perfect life in a perfect society. And it is true that very few thinking men now hold these beliefs; the Utopias, one after the other, have lost their credit. It seems that the choice between policies must now be made, and justified to ourselves, in some other and more tentative way. But this is no ground for pessimism and despair of reason; an analogy may suggest why it is not. There was a time, in the seventeenth century, when great philosophers believed that, if nature were systematically studied by the true scientific method, we must finally arrive at perfect knowledge; this was the rationalists' encouragement to the new sciences. Then by reaction came the discouragement. Critical philosophers showed that perfect scientific knowledge was unattainable by any method whatever; and there were some who argued that, if perfect knowledge was in principle impossible, no genuine knowledge was possible at all. But in fact we can still advance in scientific knowledge, even when we recognise that the field of natural knowledge is strictly inexhaustible and every scientific theory subject to correction. The social sciences similarly began in a blaze of optimism; the French Radicals, and after them the Benthamites, each proposed some single criterion of political decision which, if universally applied, must lead to progress, happiness, and harmony without limit. Later, and particularly now, comes the moment of disillusion, when it is realised

that there can be no universal method, applicable in all circumstances, of ensuring that the life of men in society becomes continually better in every way. Just as any scientific theory is liable to be corrected as further observations are made, so any improvement of society in any one direction disappears when an advance is made in some other direction. The situation in which a choice has to be made is always changing, and we never come to a final resting place; there are always new and unpredictable problems as soon as the old problems are settled.

'Naive to Think of Improvement'

Naturally, therefore, there are found men to say that, since uniform progress towards a fixed goal is an illusion, it is naive to think of improvement at all: better to talk of original sin or of the eternal predicament of man or of the uncontrollable forces of history. But in the course of pursuing illusory Utopias, men have in fact changed their condition for better or for worse in this or that respect; the dreams did not materialise, but something materialised which was the consequence of the dreams taking the form which they did. Whatever ultimate end, or ends, you may set yourself, you must always in the last resort answer the immediate question: 'What would be the best decision in this present situation?': the goal or criterion, however high-sounding, has to be tested by the particular decisions to which it leads, as a theory is tested by observations. So there is some analogy here in political decision to the experimental method in science. Considering the goals which men may pursue in politics, one can see in history the actual consequences of their pursuit, the kind of decisions to which they lead; and one is responsible only for what one actually does, and not for the unrealised ends for which one does it. The only actualities at any time are the decisions taken and their immediate consequences; after any decision comes a new situation demanding a new decision. The process of history is, as far as anyone knows, endless, and one is concerned with its actual stages and not with some supposed destination.

It is always the actual situation, feelings, and experiences of living men and women which make the particular issue at any one time; whatever abstract words one may take refuge in, one cannot avoid affecting the situation of these people in one way or another, if only by acquiescing in existing arrangements. If people, with their individual thoughts and feelings, are the subject-matter of politics, it must be right to begin in the traditional manner with some general and constant facts about them; I will therefore state six simple propositions about people, which seem to me at all times truisms or near-truisms, and then deduce from them some very disputable conclusions about political decisions in general.

(1) A human being generally lives and has experiences for about sixty or seventy years, sometimes more, sometimes less

(2) There are some needs which are common to all, or almost all, men during this period: the need for food, for shelter and some elementary comfort, for care of health, for some rest and leisure, for some freedom of movement, and for some knowledge or skill

(3) Above this level of common need, people at any one time differ in their desires, interests, opinions and feelings, including their moral opinions and feelings; and the desires, interests, opinions, and feelings of people are always changing, and they will unpredictably change in the future

(4) Any one man could give some definite answer to a question of the form 'Which of these situations, of which you have actually had experience, do you, all things considered, prefer, or would you finally choose?' About hypothetical situations, of which he has had no kind of direct experience, his answer would be less clear and confident; for in the last resort he learns what he prefers, and what he attaches value to, by experience.

(5) Any arrangement of society at any one time involves giving some of the preferences of some people priority over some of the preferences of others.

(6) Whenever, by human and not by natural causes, someone is forcibly denied what he prefers, he will demand some reason or justification for the denial of a kind which he can himself accept.

Any political decision therefore involves the question: 'Upon what principle, or principles, can one justify giving some of the preferences of one group of persons priority over some of those of another group?' But it is not as simple as this: for this question is itself a moral issue, about which the different members of a society may have different opinions and feelings; and these opinions will help to form their final preferences. They will each finally prefer one arrangement of society rather than another, not only because of their particular desires and interests, but sometimes also because of their more general opinions. This is the distinguishing characteristic of political decisions—that the principles upon which they are to be made must often be part of the issue about which the decision is taken.

'The Right Principle of Priority'

As a member of a society, I may try to ensure that conflicting preferences are adjusted in accordance with what I consider the right principle of priority; I may feel convinced, or think that I know, that certain desires and interests are intrinsically better than others, and on this ground alone try to ensure that they are given priority; for it seems sufficient that I should be convinced that they ought to have priority. If I follow to the end some positive principle of this kind, I will sometimes find myself overriding, or being overridden by, other members of the society, who have different principles, and therefore different preferences, from myself: and this difference may be irreconcilable by argument or by any appeal to some common accepted premiss. My opponent may then ask: 'What right have you, or anyone else, to require me to conform to your principles and preferences?' and I may say the same to him. But if I take a step backwards to a principle of a less positive, more general kind, perhaps a common basis of argument can be found in common human needs. It is, in general, unnecessary to call for a decision as to whether food, shelter, and health are better than starvation, exposure, and disease. Only above this level of common need comes the sphere of choice, where there may be irreconcilable differences. But even here a common need can be found in which virtually all men are alike, simply as being men, as they are alike in requiring food; and if there is a common need, there is ground for a common principle. There is one preference which they might accept as common to them all, namely, their preference for living in that kind of society which they each prefer, whatever it may be. They each want to be allowed to do whatever it is they want to do, and they each want to be allowed to advocate that arrangement of society which they prefer, whatever this may be. Since men are largely alike, in spite of all other differences, in seeking for themselves the freedom to live as they each prefer, the principle of freedom of choice is the only principle which can plausibly be made a universal basis of decision. Only such a higher-order principle could be held to be generally binding on anyone who has principles and preferences of his own, and yet who must make decisions in concert. It provides that in the last resort political decisions are to be justified, not by the various ends or ideals which they may be supposed to serve, but by the relative freedom of choice which they allow to those whose lives are most affected by the decision.

A Negative Criterion Necessary

In every issue, whatever one's own views, one must in the last resort calculate which of the various policies would entail a greater denial of the equal right of the persons involved to conduct their own lives as they choose within the area debated. And the denial of freedom of choice in any sphere can never be justified by the positive preferences of the majority; for the defeated minority will only share the preference for freedom of preference and not the positive preferences themselves.

Any positive criterion of decision would sometimes involve using people as means towards ends which they do not accept, and so using them as if they were natural objects; and no one can consent to being used as a means in this way—or if he does freely consent, he is no longer being used as a means. If this negative criterion is followed, no frustration and defeat in politics need ever be complete frustration, since there is always one preference which is not frustrated, namely, the preference for being able to do whatever one chooses within limits set by the equal liberty of others to do whatever they choose; the losses would never be total losses and they would generally fall outside the sphere of common needs; for the only thing which matters alike to each and all of the persons involved is not any one of their positive preferences, but their freedom to follow these preferences as far as possible.

This is why the much lamented collapse of values and uncertainty of belief seems to me not a matter for lament at all. It opens the way to a purely empirical approach to politics, in which no one's needs, including his need of some relative freedom to do whatever he chooses, is sacrificed to someone else's conception of ultimate ends or of moral certitudes. Every undestructive ideal which men have at any time pursued seems, in the study of history or of art, to have a certain value, merely because they have freely and strongly pursued it. The lesson of a museum, and of its variety, is that different men must always make, and then leave behind, different monuments and different societies; the museum gives the sum of the positive achievements, from which anyone must start again in a new situation. But the cost of the achievements in slavery and imitation is left outside the museum, as worthless and forgotten; one can therefore only try to extend the variety of achievement, and at the same time try to lessen its cost in slavery and imitation; and to do one is necessarily to do the other. One may believe, contrary to the evidence, that there existed in the past, in the long innocent centuries, some stable societies of harmonious believers, secure in the satisfaction of their common needs, and one may ignore their cost in the suppressions and unsatisfied needs on their margin. But it is no longer easy, either in the study of history or in contemporary politics, to ignore the suppressions and unsatisfied needs on the edge of any secure society. Instability may therefore be accepted as unavoidable and as the one constant factor in politics other than the basic human needs. In this respect Machiavelli may now be thought a better guide than Plato.

Stable Society an Illusion

The old idea of a stable society may appear not only an illusion, but also a wasteful and destructive illusion, when its costs in suppression are counted. There is surely ground for optimism here; a society which is always in anxious uncertainty about the ends of its actions, and recognises that its ends must always be uncertain, will be a free society, having no reason not to allow play for various individual preference. As its members gradually lose any uniform belief in a final goal or destination, they will more and more judge policies solely by their immediate cost in short human lives; they will see every decision as a temporary adjustment between actual needs, including the common need for freedom of choice above the level of subsistence. It seems to me therefore encouraging that there should be general chaos and uncertainty about fundamental values. Let there be no agreed western values, other than the absence of agreed values.

In this country, which has survived a long war with its empirical methods unchanged, there is surely no reason to listen to the propaganda of gloom and self-abasement; it is doubtful whether there has ever been in any society a greater respect for individuals and for their common needs, including their need to follow whatever end they choose, and a greater indifference about the ultimate ends preferred, apart from some individual's preference of them. And this seems the most sure ground of loyalty among constantly changing people who must make decisions together.—*Third Programme*

Besides re-issuing Ben Jonson's *Complete Plays* (two volumes), *Sophocles' Dramas*, translated by Sir George Young, *Minor Poets of the Seventeenth Century*, and John Bunyan's *Grace Abounding and The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, which are combined in one volume, Dent's 'Everyman Library' have just published two new volumes: Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* and Caesar's *War Commentaries*, both edited by John Warrington. Professor R. H. Tawney's Webb Memorial Lecture, given in December 1952, entitled 'The Webbs in Perspective', has now been published by the Athlone Press (price 2s. 6d.).

NEWS DIARY

May 6-12

Wednesday, May 6

Anglo-Egyptian talks in Cairo suspended
Commons debate second reading of Bill to provide for Central African Federation
Five passengers killed in British Railways ferry steamer *Duke of York* after collision with American ship in North Sea

Thursday, May 7

Communist delegation at Panmunjom put forward eight-point plan on repatriation of prisoners of war in Korea
Viet-Minh forces in Laos withdraw from positions along Thailand border

Friday, May 8

Labour gains control of nine more boroughs in local elections
More Mau Mau terrorists killed in clashes in Kenya which are described in Nairobi as amounting to 'full-scale war'
A new commander-in-chief of the French Union forces in Indo-China is appointed

Saturday, May 9

Mr. Dulles announces that the United States is seeking views of her allies in the United Nations on Communist proposals for return of prisoners of war
Ten persons killed in disturbances in Gold Coast
French report that the Viet-Minh forces in Indo-China are giving up battle for Laos

Sunday, May 10

General Neguib reaffirms demand for unconditional evacuation of Suez Canal Zone
Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick is appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office in succession to Sir William Strang

Monday, May 11

Prime Minister opens two-day debate on foreign affairs in the Commons
Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, arrives in Cairo
Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, meets French Prime Minister in Paris

Tuesday, May 12

Mr. Attlee opens second day of debate on foreign affairs in Commons and welcomes Prime Minister's proposal for an international conference on the highest level
General Mark Clark arrives at Munsan for discussions with General Harrison, the chief U.N. delegate at the Korean truce talks
Society of Civil Servants rejects wage increases in executive grades offered by the Treasury



Little progress has been made during the past week in the Korean armistice talks at Panmunjom on the question of dealing with prisoners of war who are unwilling to be repatriated. *General Harrison*, the chief United Nations delegate is seen (above) leaving his helicopter as he arrived at Panmunjom, for Saturday's session of the talks. Right: *General Nam Il*, the chief Communist delegate, photographed as he left one of last week's meetings



Wing-Commander W. F. Gibb with his Canberra jet bomber in which he set up a new world altitude record last week. He reached a height of 63,668 feet (just over twelve miles) which is over 4,000 feet higher than the record set up by Group-Captain John Cunningham five years ago



Early summer scene in Buckinghamshire: a cricket match at Bradenham, on Saturday. On the right is the entrance to the manor house where Disraeli spent his boyhood



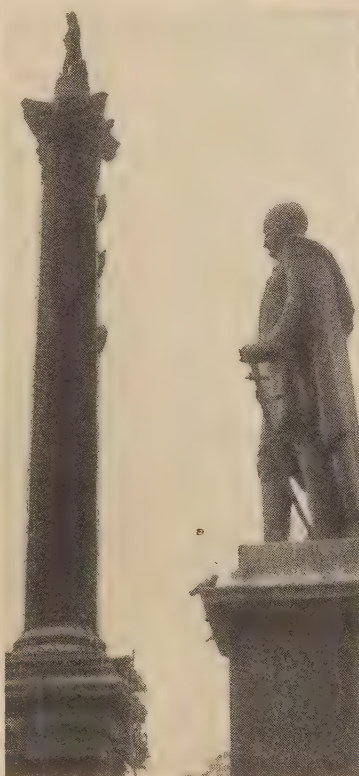
Right: some of the models in an exhibition illustrating the history of the royal yachts which was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh at the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich on May 8



The crippled British Railways ferry steamer 'Duke of York' after she had had her bows severed in a collision with the American ship 'Haiti Victory' in the North Sea on May 6. Five passengers lost their lives in the disaster



Her Majesty the Queen laying the memorial stone of the new buildings of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A large part of the college was destroyed by air raids during the war. The Queen performed the ceremony with a mallet which was last used by Queen Victoria to lay the foundation stone of the examination hall on the Embankment. On the left is Sir Cecil Wakeley, the President



Steeplejacks climbing up Nelson's Column last week to clean the statue for the Coronation. The column is 185 feet high. Workmen have been busy throughout the week on London's decorations which are now nearing completion



Left: Two members of a contingent from the Royal Papuan-New Guinea Constabulary which is to march in the Coronation procession, photographed on arrival in this country on Saturday.



Heralds announcing the opening on May 8 of a festival in Stockholm to mark the city's 700th anniversary. The anniversary actually fell last year but the celebrations were postponed owing to the Olympic games

Party Political Broadcast

The Government and the Nation's Housekeeping

By PAT HORNSBY-SMITH, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health

WHEN I last broadcast it was in the General Election. The country was nearly bankrupt—because we were buying from abroad far more than we could afford to pay for—and we were heading for a crash. It was a dangerous situation, and it came after six years of socialism. It was all the more surprising because they'd had over £2,750,000,000 to help them from abroad, and still they ran us into debt and nearly brought us to bankruptcy.

Now I am not going to bore you with masses of trade figures, but I want to make one important point. A nation's housekeeping is no different, in principle, from that of an ordinary family. If you earn £6 a week and spend £8, then you're soon going to find yourself in a mess. Someone may give you a few pounds to tide you over: or you borrow a bit; and then you decide to sell the piano, because nobody plays the thing nowadays anyway. That's exactly what the late Government did. They were given Marshall Aid; they received and spent the American loan; and they sold the Argentine railways to pay for a year's meat supply. Then the day of reckoning came.

Well, what would our family do? Looking at the bills, the husband says to his wife: 'Well, there it is—you must cut down a bit and spend less'. And his wife says: 'Well, what's to stop you earning a bit more?' And, whether it is Bill Smith and his family, or whether it is Mr. Butler and his Budget, the principle is exactly the same. You cannot go on spending more than you earn. Whether it's the nation or the individual family, you earn your living first, and then improve conditions—not the other way round. So, in his first Budget, the Chancellor set out to spend less and earn more. He cut down imports and made many economies. The result was that, in one year, Mr. Butler not only saved this country from bankruptcy, but with his second Budget he has given us all the chance to help in restoring prosperity.

You know, things really have got better since the Conservative Government came into office. Wages and salaries for the past twelve months were higher than ever—and so, too, were social benefits. The value of the pound abroad rose to its highest level since devaluation. Steel output broke all records, and we were able to save a bit more, too. In the international field, Sir Winston Churchill, this country's leader, a man beloved in Europe and understood in America, has cemented our friendship with the new United States Government; and, with Mr. Anthony Eden, our distinguished Foreign Secretary, has taken the lead in Europe. We've all somehow got a feeling that peace is more secure with them at the helm. We don't hear much about war-mongering talk now.

Of course, we've had unpopular decisions to take: but we've taken them if we thought they were in the best interests of the country. Our opponents try and dismiss our successes as just good luck. There wasn't much luck in the empty till they left us: but that didn't stop us from building more houses. And we haven't had a string of power cuts, though no one can say the weather's been on our side; what with the fog and the floods, we've had the worst winter for sixty years.

You know, I rather think there's a new feeling—a new spirit about: a feeling of con-

fidence that we are getting things done and winning through together. And people somehow feel there are some efficient chaps at the top.

Now, look at the men in the building trade. With roughly the same number employed in 1952 as in 1951, they produced in one year 600,000,000 more bricks, 700,000 more tons of cement, and built 45,000 more houses, as well as more schools. Now, that's an achievement. It's the sort of thing which will get this country back on its feet.

One of our biggest problems during the past eighteen months has been to try and check the rising cost of living. In the last year of the Labour Government prices went up by a half-penny in the pound every week. That may not sound much but, on a £3-a-week housekeeping budget, at the end of a year it amounts to 6s. 6d. a week. The socialists didn't do much to help.

Well, what did we do? I'll tell you. First, the subsidy issue: I'm not going to dodge it, because in two elections I've put down in black and white that I saw 'no social need to subsidise the supertax payer'. We said much the same thing in our election manifesto, *Britain Strong and Free*. Because if you give subsidies to people living in hotels, to Cabinet Ministers—and even M.P.s if you like—then there's less to give to the people who really need it.

So let's get this subsidy business quite straight in our minds. The subsidies were costing £410,000,000 a year. They were helping rich and poor alike indiscriminately. We cut them by £160,000,000, and to offset it we gave compensating benefits of £228,000,000 to those who needed them most. It's true that the cut in the food subsidies put nearly 1s. 6d. on the price of our weekly rations. So, to meet this, we put 2s. 6d. on old age pensions; we put 6s. 6d. on sickness and unemployment benefit, and 10s. on war pensions and industrial injury pensions. Then we increased income tax allowances, so that 2,000,000 people stopped paying any income tax at all, and 14,000,000 paid less. Then 'these wicked Tories', who, it was said in the 1951 election, would take away family allowances, increased them from 5s. to 8s.

But, you know, food isn't the only thing in the cost of living. When I was talking to you eighteen months ago, I referred to a 50s. pre-war suit, which had then risen to £7 15s. Today, that same suit costs £6 19s. 6d.; and those famous children's sandals, which were 17s. 6d. in 1951 are now down to 12s. 11d. It's not only clothes, but lino, carpets, curtains, kitchen equipment—they're all considerably cheaper now than a couple of years ago. As a result of this last Budget, not a single person is worse off, and for the first time in eighteen years there are no new taxes.

You'd have thought even the Labour Opposition would have been pleased to see no new taxes and £80,000,000 more spent on the social services. But not a bit of it. First of all they said it was an 'Election Budget'—so they obviously didn't think it was too bad. And then, when they thought we weren't going to have an election, they switched over to calling it an 'unfair Budget'. Yet in two Budgets, we've made things easier for 30,000,000 people, and for the £10-a-week family man whom the socialists quoted, his income tax has been reduced from £17 8s. to £3 1s. 1½d.

Then there's purchase tax—and what a difference that twenty-five per cent. off has made. If you're a Londoner, just take a bus down the Old Kent Road and you can't miss the window-stickers telling the good news—'prices slashed'—thanks to the Budget. Tax cuts were not the only good news in Mr. Butler's Budget. We know that before long sugar will be off the ration, and that's something we've wanted for a very long time.

Here, then, is a Conservative Government which is trying to give the housewife more food and more choice. Tea was the first thing to come off the ration—and what's happened? There's plenty for everyone, and at reasonable prices. And on this item alone we saved £135,000 in administration. And what housewife isn't glad to see eggs off the ration? Some people said they'd go up to 1s. each. What happened? The black market's been wiped out, and the price hasn't gone up. Another freedom restored.

That, of course, is the difference between us and the socialists. They worship controls—and for their own sake. We don't. Every time something's derationed the socialists trot out the silly slogan: 'Rationing by the price'. Well, now, what do they really mean by that? What isn't rationed by the price? Why do we go into the 1s. 9d. seats instead of the 3s. 6d.? Why do we buy rayon instead of pure silk? Because we want to pay less for it. Life's like that. What matters is that people should have enough in their pockets to buy things, and we've put more in their pockets.

Then there's meat. There was more last year than the year before, and there will be still more this year. We are not yet ready to deration it. There isn't enough, but we shall do it as soon as we can. Many important trades, like lead and zinc, have already been handed back to private buyers: and prices are down. Today* iron and steel are derationed.

So we're getting on with cutting the controls, as we said we would. Already we have 22,000 fewer government officials. Take the Ministry of Works, for example. Everyone knows that Mr. David Eccles has got his hands full with the Coronation—yet in his Department now he's got 2,432 civil servants fewer than he had when he took on. That's one of the ways in which we are saving the taxpayers' money.

Now about the social services. First, housing, which is top priority—because we believe that it lies at the heart of both good education and good health. Only last Saturday the Minister was telling us how well the local authorities and private enterprise have done in building 45,000 more houses and flats in the last year. Now think what that means: 45,000 more women—wives and mothers—have now got their own front door and the chance to live their own private lives, which they wouldn't have had under the socialists: no more sharing a kitchen stove; no more sleeping in the living-room—it means a lot, you know. What is more, there are today no less than 294,000 houses under construction. That's not far off 300,000. Many of these are in new towns where we are also building new schools for the children who are leaving the over-crowded cities and often very old schools.

We've also given the man who wants to buy his own house the opportunity to do so: and what's wrong with that? You know, to hear

some people talk you would think there was something wicked in a man wanting to buy his own house, which he can pass on as security to his widow or his children. Not everyone can afford it, but let those who can, do so, and leave more council houses for those who really need the subsidised rent.

Then there is education. We've built many new schools to meet the increased population and there are more school places today than ever before. We spent an extra £8,000,000 last year, and we're going to spend £27,000,000 more this. Is that cutting education? All we ask is that the taxpayers' and the ratepayers' money should be spent to give them value for money; and that money we cannot afford is not spent on unnecessary frills. You are certainly getting better value for your money in school building. The new schools are better designed; they cost less, and they are being built in little more than half the time that it used to take.

Now for the Health Service, in which I am naturally interested most of all. It will cost £411,000,000 this year, which is £18,000,000 up on last year's estimate. It's doing a pretty good job. Maternal mortality in 1952 is the lowest ever recorded in our history, and the deaths from T.B. of the chest are less than half of what they were in 1947. We've got a lot to thank medical science for, for that.

The Health Service is a great experiment. Much of its original planning had to be part guesswork; some of the guesses were right, and others—like the original estimate of cost—were wildly wrong. Now, after five years of working, the Minister, Mr. Iain Macleod, has appointed an independent committee to investigate the working of the whole scheme, and it has been

widely approved by those who've seen the Service grow. No one pretends the Health Service is perfect, and that is why we are having a thorough and independent enquiry. And when the committee's report is received, then let parliament decide what adjustments should be made.

Now, this week you are being asked to vote in your local government elections. I do hope you're not ignoring them, because the local authorities play such a very important part in the government of our country. You know, our system of government doesn't begin and end in Whitehall—and I hope it never will. The town hall is also important. The parish councils, the rural and urban districts, the borough and county boroughs and the county council—they all play their part in our system of government. These local authorities do a great deal of work for the Government. If local government is weak, then central government suffers.

Now I'd like to say a word on local government finance. Many people, I know, are worried about increased rates. But let's look at the background. For some years most local authorities have been able to offset the higher costs of new and expanded services by using balances which were built up in the war years. In most cases the cupboard is now bare and the ratepayers have to bear the full cost of these services. The socialists are making an election issue of the increase in rates. But since when have they ever considered the cost of either local or national government services? Haven't they always clamoured for more? And, in fact, it has been their proud boast that the only test they applied was 'whether they thought the service

was wanted', and never 'whether the ratepayers could afford it'. Every time we suggested an economy, we've been accused of wrecking the service. They have always opposed economies, and now they say rates must not rise. Well, they can't have it both ways.

They're also pretending that the increase in rates is due to the higher interest rate—or what they call dearer money. In fact, this accounts for not more than 2d. in the pound on the rates, and in many places less. Have your rates only gone up by 2d.? If they've gone up by more it's not because of dearer money. So much for another socialist fairy story.

Mind you, I'm not apologising for the higher bank rate; it was deliberate policy, to stop people borrowing money we couldn't afford to spend; and it succeeded. It was one of the unpleasant decisions we had to take, but it was far better than another devaluation of the pound, which would have put prices up and sent rates soaring.

Be that as it may, the local authorities have wide powers and have to spend vast sums of our money. It's most important that every one of you should record your vote this week in the local government elections. So I ask you to weigh up in your mind the achievements of Conservative policy during the past eighteen months: the problems we inherited, the determination with which they have been tackled, and the opportunity we offer to men and women in the future. If you believe that we are doing a good job, then I hope you will back us up by returning anti-socialist candidates to your local council this week. And please remember to vote: it's so important. And I hope you'll vote for us.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Morocco

Sir,—It seems a pity that so experienced a traveller as Lord Kinross should in his talk on Morocco have based himself exclusively on French propaganda statements and not on more objective ones. I shall try to correct only some of his most glaring mis-statements.

Lord Kinross repeats the old propaganda story that the Moroccan nationalist is a 'bourgeois born and bred in towns' and unaware of the mountain tribes. Can he then explain why most of the political imprisonments of nationalists between February 1951 and December 1952 have taken place in the 'pure Berber' country of the Middle Atlas—chiefly round Azrou, Khenifra, Midelt—where 'vigorous mountain tribes exist'? The truth is that whereas in the past nationalism was centred in the towns, today it is equally popular in the 'bled', and some of the most passionate nationalists are country folk and Berber.

Lord Kinross mentions the 'democratic reforms' which the French are trying to introduce, and with apparent approval speaks of the proposed Franco-Moroccan municipalities and regional assemblies. But he does not say a word about why the Sultan and the nationalists oppose themselves so violently to those 'reforms'. By all international and bi-lateral treaties (including the Act of Algiers of 1906 and the Treaty of Fez of 1912) Morocco is still a sovereign country in which the French are foreigners. As such they have no right to vote in either municipal or regional elections. In a speech at Rabat given on November 24, 1919, Marshal Lyautey stated un-

equivocally: 'French political institutions have no place in Morocco. French nationals may set up organisations where they may enjoy professional, but not political representation! It is because the French are now trying to violate this fundamental principle of the Protectorate regime and to introduce co-sovereignty (to which, according to several verdicts of the International Court of Justice at The Hague, they have no right) that the situation in Morocco is becoming more tense every day.'

Lord Kinross has quoted General Guillaume and other French administrators. What a pity he has not attempted to secure quotations from nationalist leaders as well, Allal el Fassi, Balafrei, or Lyazidi. But then, had he tried to do so, he would probably have found that all of them are either in prison or in exile. For the first step in the preparation of 'democratic reforms' was the imprisonment of over ten thousand Moroccans. And it is precisely among these that Lord Kinross would have found men who, having learned in France what true democracy means, oppose themselves to 'reforms' that are a travesty of democratic principles.

Yours, etc.,

Barnstaple

ROM LANDAU

God and the Unconscious

Sir,—In the talk on 'God and the Unconscious' by R. J. Z. Werblowsky published in THE LISTENER of May 7, the statements are made that, 'the starting point of Father White's *God and the Unconscious* is the diagnosis of our

present crisis as the impasse of a godless age', and that, 'the passing away of God . . . brought in its wake all the virulent consequences which analytical psychology knows must follow from a disturbed unconscious that has been robbed of its gods . . .'

In many quarters one encounters this idea that the destructive bestiality and savagery of our twentieth century creeds and wars is the result of the 'passing away of God'! But how can this belief be reconciled with the experience of the seventeenth century, when the fact that God was a firm and universal reality to the mind of western man did not prevent the Thirty Years' War (itself largely springing from religious differences) from being perhaps more bestial and destructive—given the inferiority of the weapons of the time to those of our own—than anything we have seen as the alleged result of atheism.

I am not disputing the idea that the cessation of belief in God may create such profound disturbances in the unconscious of a people as to render them liable to accept someone like Hitler as a substitute for God. The point I wish to make is that belief in God—even the Christian God—far from always acting as a humanising and restraining force, has on occasions driven people to insane savageries committed in the very name of that God. The conclusion I come to, looking at both the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries, is that 'virulent consequences' can follow both from a God-inspired and a God-empty unconscious.

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD ATIYAH

Send

Psychology and Religion

Sir,—In their letters neither Mr. George Adcock nor Mr. William Armstrong makes an attempt to explain or answer Mr. R. H. Gunn's quest for 'some kind of worship of the evolutionary process'. Indeed, Mr. Adcock denies that the basis of an atheist's religion should be the 'worship' of the evolutionary process, and says that 'the task confronting them (the atheists) is that of mastering the evolutionary process', and to their failure to accomplish this task he attributes the lack of a 'satisfactory basis for an atheistic religion'.

If, then, the path to an atheistic religion lies through the mastering of the evolutionary process, is an atheist's worship to be outside that process, or is it to be of some part of or of something revealed within that process? The last of these possibilities seems the most likely; revealed religion has not survived into a rationalistic age without some kinship with rational thought, so that an atheist would not be unjustified in seeking a basis for his religion through those things which revealed religion and rationalism uphold in common. Love (or should I say 'altruism'?) is the most apparent. In the evolutionary process its seed is in the beginning, in the instinct for self-preservation and for reproduction—say in the amoeba. The next major stage is, perhaps, at the development of family life in reptiles and mammals. Then the last stage is the gregarious instinct, which man has inherited, that leads certain individual animals in a herd to give far more for the common good than is necessary for their own survival, leads them even sometimes to self-sacrifice.

It is not arrogant to say that the instinct of love, having been revealed to man by his faculty of rational thought, has reached its highest pitch in man, for we must admit also that man alone has ill-used the heritage and too often has worked his own downfall. If, then, it is agreed that love is revealed in the evolutionary process, can an atheist worship love? And if evolution is a process of creation, is love a part of the Creator?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

JOHN PILGRIM

Sir,—My letter has been partly misunderstood; may I elaborate a little? Perhaps a reference to ethics would help.

A religion based on the evolutionary process demands the formulation of a new standard of ethics, e.g. that which facilitates the evolutionary process is good and that which obstructs it is bad. This raises the question—whether the evolutionary process? I suggest, towards more highly organised forms of matter. As organised in the human body to-day matter is capable of consciousness, of perception through the senses and probably of extra sensory perception. Who can put a limit to the possibilities of matter if appropriately organised?

William Armstrong's letter strikes a transcendental note which the wary agnostic may suspect; on the other hand George Adcock's letter (in the same issue) seems rather to avoid the fundamental difficulty, *viz.* that man has a mystical capacity—bred into him, presumably, when it had a biological utility, e.g., in giving sanction to tribal customs—and for his full development requires that this capacity be exercised.

How can the agnostic satisfy his need for mystical experience without outraging his reason?—Yours, etc.,

Bristol

R. H. GUNN

Building a New Capital City

Sir,—Max Lock's reference to 'the lovely Shalimar gardens' being in Lahore (THE LISTENER, April 30) is far from being a curious or even misleading statement as suggested in Mr. Norman Phillips' letter on May 7.

Although the more famous Shalimar gardens are located in Kashmir, gardens of the same name exist on the outskirts of Lahore adjacent to the Amritsar road. These gardens were built by Shah Jahan and completed in 1637. On March 9, 1950, I was present when the citizens of Lahore gave a garden party, in honour of the visit of the Shah of Iran, in these gardens. They proved to be a perfect setting for such an occasion.

The gardens at Shahdara to which Mr. Phillips refers lie north of Lahore on the other side of the river Ravi. These fine gardens surround Jehangir's tomb, the four minarets of which can be seen from the railway line.

Yours, etc.,

Eastbourne

DAVID SWEET-ESCOTT

Vermuyden and the Fens

Sir,—In connection with the interesting article by Mr. L. E. Harris in THE LISTENER of April 30, about Sir Cornelius Vermuyden and the Fens, mention might be worth making of Sir Robert Heath (1575-1649), who was a useful friend to Vermuyden. As Attorney-General, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Heath was on several occasions able to smooth the way for their joint adventures.

As lord of the manor of Soham, Heath was keenly interested in drainage projects and is one of a number of 'divers adventurers' listed by Dugdale as participants in Bedford's scheme. He was more closely associated with Vermuyden in their attempt to get the Dovegang lead mines in Derbyshire going, and throughout the 'thirties brought such influence as he had with Charles to bear on the long struggle which they had with the Earl of Dover over the possession of the mines. He was associated with Vermuyden in connection with a project in King's Sedge-moor, in the course of which adventure both he and Vermuyden were, almost inevitably, accused of corruption; and the two were again associated in connection with a scheme for Malvern Chase.

On the whole, Heath did very poorly out of their partnership: he did a great deal of thankless work in the cause of their adventures but suffered considerable financial loss.—Yours, etc.,

Masham

IAN H. C. FRASER

The Post-war Novel in Russia

Sir,—Startled by the discrepancy between my memories of V. Azharyev's novel *Far From Moscow*, and Helen Rapp's reflections upon it in her talk on 'The Post-war Novel in Russia', I looked up one or two points—to find that it was Miss Rapp, and not my memory, playing me false.

For instance, underlining the hardships of constructing a pipe line in the Siberian *Taiga*—'from the western point of view all this sounds very much like slave labour'—Miss Rapp omits to mention that the book's setting is a critical period of the war, and the work of first military significance. The same omission enables her to suggest that Soviet people are not encouraged to have private lives; though, in fact, personal problems, exaggerated by the exigencies of war, loom large in the novel.

One quotation serves to illustrate that Soviet citizens have no feeling for nature except as she obstructs or obeys men. But the leading character, the construction chief, has such an admiration for Siberia that one of the recurring amusements is to arouse him by denigrating it. "Rather monotonous this unrelieved white, don't you think, Vasil Maximovich", Beridze commented, with the deliberate intention of starting an argument. And Batmanov, rising to the bait, gives rein to his enthusiasm and speaks bitingly of engineers incapable of under-

standing anything but blueprints. "Severely practical people like you are apt to see the living forest as so much firewood, poles or planks. But there are people who on the contrary look at poles and planks and see the green woods alive with sound".

Miss Rapp evidently looked first for poles and planks—for her own platform. Once mounted upon this artificial edifice, she proceeds to berate the author for erecting it, this time from a truly aesthetic standpoint. Azharyev's writing is denigrated as 'devoid of allusions, symbols, knowing no groping beyond or below the level of the plain conscious'. (The same might be said of Jane Austen.) In such a work, 'the aesthetic enquirer (!) will find no reward'. In sum, 'the Soviet novel has ceased to be an art form. It has become . . . a manual of life to men'—the two are evidently mutually exclusive. All this throws light on the critic's outlook and limitations, but little on the Soviet novel.

Fortunately, first-hand study of Soviet post-war literature is now possible. Azharyev's novel, a first novel of great merit, is published in English; so also are a number of others including Vera Panova's *The Factory*. Trifonov's *The Students* (the only other work referred to) appeared in numbers two and three of the monthly magazine *Soviet Literature* for 1952.

Yours, etc.,

JOAN SIMON

Leicester

'The White Knight'

Sir,—Your reviewer's description of C. L. Dodgson as 'a man whose favourite passion was photographing little girls in the nude and severing his connection with them as soon as they approached puberty' is unfair. That he did photograph little girls in the nude is a fact but it was not his 'favourite passion' for he gave up photography altogether in 1880, sixteen years before he gave up writing or mathematics. His views on the naked human form are on record in his letters to his illustrators. They show him as a man of integrity, broad-minded for his day but perhaps a little sentimental for ours: 'Naked children are so perfectly pure and lovely'. Boys, he thinks, need clothes, 'whereas one hardly sees why the lovely forms of girls should ever be covered up'. 'Prejudiced, ridiculous, naive this may be, but that is the worst that can be said of it. (See Helmut Gernsheim: *Lewis Carroll, Photographer*, p. 21).

Again, the children he photographed or drew in the nude were 'models' and not the same or not necessarily the same as his child-friends with whom he was satisfying a different artistic impulse, that of story-telling. Nor did he invariably sever his connections with former child-friends when they grew up; Ethel Arnold and Gertrude Chataway remained his friends for life.

As for Dodgson's 'precariously balanced celibacy' to which one of my inferences 'runs counter', we do not know for certain if it was precariously balanced; or securely based on physical impotence. It is my opinion that it was precariously balanced and that he was just unlucky in love; but if I am held to be wrong on this point, the whole case should be passed to the faculty of medicine.—Yours, etc.,

Ayr

A. L. TAYLOR

The Coronation issue of *History Today* (price 2s. 6d.) contains articles on 'The Accession of Queen Elizabeth I', by J. E. Neale; 'The Coronation of Queen Elizabeth I', by A. L. Rowse; and 'Politics at the Accession of Queen Victoria', by M. G. Brock. Charles Seltman writes on 'The Ruler Cult: from Alexander of Macedon to Elizabeth I of England'; and Eric Linklater on 'William Wallace and Robert the Bruce: the Scottish Monarchy in the 14th Century'; 'The Diplomacy of Edward VII' is discussed by A. P. Ryan.

Gardening

Planting in May

By P. J. THROWER

RUNNER and French beans can safely be sown now. I find the best way is to make a trench about an inch-and-a-half to two inches deep, the width of the spade, place the beans along each side of the trench, nine to twelve inches apart and draw the soil over them with the rake. And this is always a sound policy too: at the end of the row plant a dozen beans a few inches apart, then if there are any missing in the row you can lift some of these carefully with the trowel and plant them in the spaces. Maincrop carrots can be sown—and Scarlet Intermediate is about the best variety for this—beetroot, peas, and lettuce to keep up a succession, spinach between the pea rows to give you variety, and cabbage savoy, heading and sprouting broccoli for use during the winter.

The next job of importance I would say is putting out the onion plants. They do like a firm soil and one that has been deeply dug and manured. There often seems to be some doubt as to how deeply they should be planted. Many people plant them so that the roots are in the soil and the base of the plant resting on the surface, but this is quite wrong: the new roots, the ones you want to encourage, will come from the base of the plant, and at this time of the year the surface of the soil can dry out very quickly, with the result that these new young roots soon begin to suffer from dryness. The base of the onion plant can be about an inch below the surface; it will establish itself so much quicker and will push itself nearer the surface when the bulb begins to swell. If the soil is dry when you plant, water the plants in and keep them watered until they get some rain on them.

And, talking of planting, the Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and summer cabbage plants should be ready to go in this month. The Brussels sprouts in particular want a long season if you are going to get those nice, solid sprouts. And another thing, they want plenty of room to grow in: Brussels sprouts should never be planted closer than three feet apart each way. The firmer and harder the soil the more sturdy they grow and the better they will crop for you during next winter.

Then there is the celery to think about: that should be ready for planting later this month or early next month. The trench should be ready, and I think this is where many enthusiasts go wrong—they make their trench too deep and the celery is planted in the sub-soil. A trench six to nine inches deep is plenty for general purposes. If the plants make good growth and there is no reason at all why they should not, it is always possible to draw more soil up round them. Celery's first essential is moisture, and to make sure the plants get plenty of this at the roots, fork into the bottom of the trench plenty of garden compost from the compost heap or some well-rotted manure, if you are in the fortunate position to have some. You

will be well rewarded for that extra attention and have some good, crisp celery with your cheese from September onwards.

Before we leave vegetables altogether I must say a few words about outdoor tomatoes and marrows. Both these are very tender plants, so whatever you do, do not be tempted to plant them out before the last week in the month at the earliest.

I must say, I prefer the first week in June. The bush type of marrow is the best for the small garden; and I just want to remind you once more to try a few plants of the 'Amateur' tomato: that is the bush type which does not need staking and side-shooting.

The tomatoes in the greenhouse must be carefully watered until you see the first fruits developing. All they need until that time is sufficient to keep them in a healthy state of growth—what we call 'ball'. When you water them only water the soil immediately round the plant, and then, when the fruits on the first truss develop, increase the amount of water and the area round the plants.

So much for vegetables, now about the flowers. It is only a waste of money to buy bedding plants, especially the half-hardy ones, until after the middle of May. But there should be plenty of bedding plants for everybody from now on, and you will



Mixed stock

be able to work out your colour schemes in this Coronation year—whether it be red, white, and blue, or, less obviously, silver, pink, and blue. What sort of plants are you going to buy? Those which have been too close together in the boxes and have got thin and drawn, those that are showing their flowers, or those dark, sturdy plants which tell you right away that when you have planted them they will grow and make a really colourful show for you? Be guided by me: do not buy them if they are thin and drawn, and—with the exception of possibly geraniums, salvias, and fuchsias—do not buy them if they are coming into flower.

The best example I can quote you is the stocks: if these are showing their flower buds when they are planted they will never make a good plant, they will just send up that one little flower spike and then finish. I think your best and cheapest buy will be antirrhinums, nemesia, verbenas, alyssum, lobelia, violas and pansies, salvias, and French and African marigolds, also stocks and asters as long as they are not showing their flowers.

I do hope that your window box and hanging basket will take pride of place over the coloured streamers and bunting this Coronation summer. They will give you much more interest and a pleasure that will last until well into the autumn.

This month we shall be sowing in the cold frames seed of cyclamen, calceolarias, and cinerarias—a gardener must always plan well ahead.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service



Mixed verbenas

Homage to Van Gogh

DOUGLAS COOPER on the centenary celebrations in Holland

ON March 30, 1853 Vincent Van Gogh was born in the presbytery of Groot-Zundert, a small Dutch village lying between Breda and the Belgian frontier. This year therefore marks the centenary of his birth, and the Dutch are celebrating the event. The celebrations began in The Hague at the end of March—in somewhat American fashion—with a so-called symposium

he has studied no less thoroughly, namely the influence of Japanese art on the formation of Van Gogh's style.

Most of the French painters of the later nineteenth century were to some extent affected by the cult of 'japonaiseries' introduced by the brothers Goncourt, but none carried the cult as far as Van Gogh, who went to Provence because he thought that it was 'the equivalent of Japan' in Europe, and actually painted interpretations of Japanese prints in the oil-painting technique of the occident. After demonstrating certain stylistic and technical discoveries that he has made, Dr. Tralbaut went on to claim—and it is a provocative thought—that Van Gogh was the first European artist who was able to sink himself completely in an oriental mentality. And that, said Tralbaut, gives the lie to Kipling's pronouncement that 'East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet'.

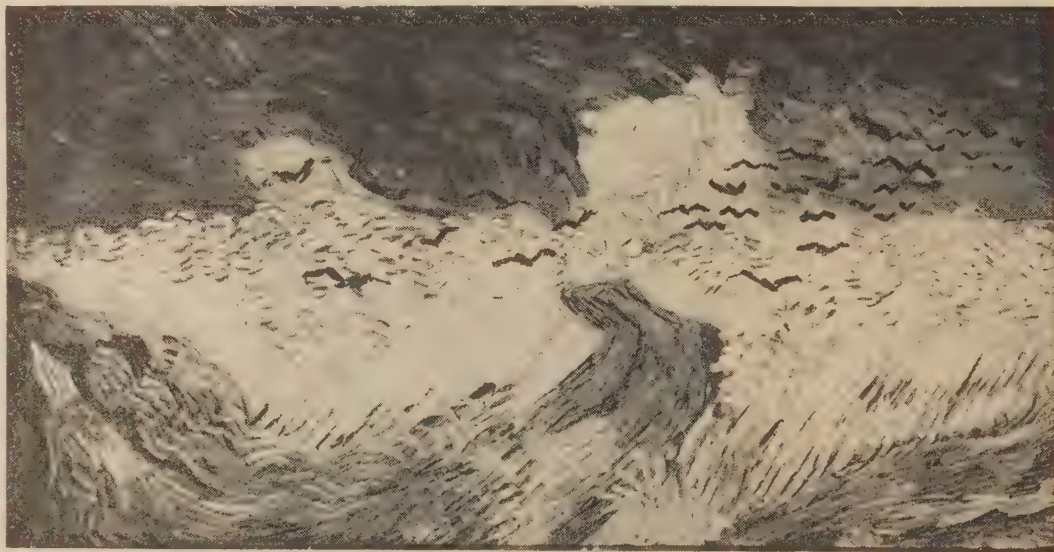
Next came Professor Kraus of Groningen University, a psychiatrist, who dealt with the impossibility of separating the personality of Van Gogh the man from that of Van Gogh the artist, and urged the necessity of seeing through and past the Van Gogh 'cult' which has seized on the sensational aspects of his life and is kept alive by a sense of 'collective guilt'. Professor Kraus argues that the time has come when writers on Van Gogh must face up to his life, his work, and his letters as one whole, one piece of artistic creation, and judge it according to absolute standards. What is it primarily that we admire in Van Gogh, he asked. And how should we direct our admiration?

This theme was reiterated by Oscar Kokoschka, who was to have represented the artists of today. However, at the last moment he abruptly declined to appear and sent a manifesto to be read by a friend. Proclaiming that socialism, and I suppose by implication communism, too, with its aspiration towards social justice for all on this earth, is but a hollow philosophy, he went on to state: 'That trend of advanced and abstract art, at present internationally so domineering, which does away with the image of man and all man-made objects and the human environment, is just in keeping with the unrealistic philosophy of our prophesied brave new world'. And after this somewhat surprising confrontation of ideas he finally



'Vincent's House at Arles' (the 'Yellow House'), by Van Gogh

of talks by Van Gogh scholars of various nationalities. Thus Jean Leymarie, the Director of the Grenoble Museum and the author of an outstanding monograph on Van Gogh published in Paris last year, spoke on the symbolism underlying the apparent realism of so many of Vincent's pictorial themes—the sower representing the theme of life, the reaper in the cornfield that of death, the old boots that of honest labour, the birds' nests a sexual symbol, and so on. Then there was Dr. Edo Tralbaut, who has written a long and fascinating book in Flemish on Van Gogh's development during the few months he spent in Antwerp in 1885-86. This, by the way, is a book that some enterprising publisher should produce in English, for it is authoritative, is packed with new information, and contains all that is known about Vincent's life in Antwerp—material which is not available elsewhere because most of it has been discovered by Tralbaut. On this occasion, however, Dr. Tralbaut did not talk about Antwerp but about another aspect of Vincent's artistic evolution which



'Crows Flying across a Cornfield'

reached his points in the last few sentences from which I would like to quote just one: 'This artist [Van Gogh] did face the reality of existence, however disconcerting, rather than close his eyes before the tragic futility of inhuman life'.

I myself took up this theme on the following day in a talk about the history and significance not only of Vincent's amazing painting of his little 'Yellow House' in Arles, but indeed the significance, in its time, of the house itself. For apart from being Vincent's home and studio for almost a year, it was envisaged by him as the potential headquarters of that school of great, southern colourists which Vincent, who desperately needed sympathy and companionship and believed that all the greatest artistic creation had been the result of a communal effort, tried for so long to rally round him. Here it was that Gauguin and Van Gogh lived together during those two strenuous months—from the end of October till Christmas 1888—when the first great conflict between realism and abstraction was fought out at the cost, temporarily, of Vincent's mental equilibrium. I think that today, when the battle between realism and abstraction has become more general and intense, when we are asked by an amateur body of so-called judges of modern art to accept some insignificant bits of stone and twisted scrap metal as a fitting memorial to those millions of our fellow-men who have been arrested and sacrificed for political reasons, it is the responsibility of every serious critic to remind our artists not only of the picture of Van Gogh's 'Yellow House' and all that it implies, but also of that supremely moving tribute to an ideal, painted by an artist whom Van Gogh admired above all—Delacroix's great picture 'Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi', which is in the Bordeaux Museum. This is the gist of what I had to say, and it is encouraging to read that not only the British public but also most of the British art critics seem to feel the same.

Abstraction appears so easy, and because the young artists of today are less and less inclined to face up to difficulties, it seems to offer a charming way out. So let me repeat Vincent's warning to Emile Bernard: 'Abstraction is an enchanted territory and one quickly finds oneself up against a wall'. How right he was! Abstraction leads nowhere, and we have the example of such self-sacrificing heroes as Kandinsky and Mondrian to prove it. For, thirty years later, the abstract artists of 1953 can do no better than imitate, with far less skill and imagination, the original designs of these professors of pictorial logic. But the 'Yellow House' led on to the masterpieces which Vincent painted at St. Rémy, and to the most intensely moving of all his pictures, the final 'Crows Flying across a Cornfield', painted at Auvers in 1890. And since his death Van Gogh has continued to exercise a vital influence on the development of modern painting through artists as diverse as Matisse, Vlaminck, Derain, Picasso, and Léger.

It may sound to you as though many words were wasted to no purpose. Yet it was a stimulating gathering. Speaking for myself, I do not think that international symposiums of that sort can achieve anything unless they are confined to one or two pre-determined themes which all participating are obliged to discuss. If they are not controlled, speakers inevitably ride off on hobby-horses of their own, as frequently happened in The Hague. One practical proposition which was put to

the gathering did, however, meet with immediate support—a project to create a central Van Gogh Library and Archive. Two places, at both of which there is a major collection of Vincent's pictures, immediately suggested themselves—the Kröller-Müller State Museum and the Gemeente Museum of Amsterdam. But the former is far out in the country and difficult of access; so it was agreed that Amsterdam should become the home of the new archive, a suggestion that was welcomed by the director.

Vincent's nephew, the engineer Van Gogh, is naturally the principal lender to the chief centenary exhibitions, and for once a great deal of the documentary material which he has inherited—engravings after

Rembrandt, Delacroix, Daumier, Millet, Doré, Luke Fildes, and others, tracings after Japanese prints, photographs, and some fascinating balls of mixed wools with which Vincent worked out his colour harmonies—is on view beside the pictures. Though this is a didactic and interesting exhibition, it is not a major exhibition, because the organisers have lacked the imagination to fetch unfamiliar pictures from Russia, America, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere. I cannot imagine why the Dutch did not take advantage of this moment to show at least the newly discovered picture of the 'Tarascon Coach', which is in a New York collection, or to appeal to Moscow to release a few of their stock of Van Goghs which have not been seen in western Europe for at least forty years. However, since the dissemination of culture has become a nationalised industry, organisers of exhibitions have become increasingly less enterprising, with the result that the Van Gogh Centenary Exhibition in Holland is to all intents and purposes identical with the exhibition seen at the Tate Gallery, Manchester, and Glasgow in 1947. Yet if anyone really wants to study the development of Van Gogh and investigate his place in the European tradition, this is certainly the year to go to Holland. In fact

I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that, all in all, at least half of Van Gogh's production can be seen in one or other of the galleries. And to complete the picture of Van Gogh given by his own works, the Gemeente Museum of Amsterdam is organising, from June until September, a special exhibition of post-Impressionist pictures which Van Gogh either could have seen or did in fact see during his stay in Paris from March 1886 till February 1888—and make no mistake about it, Vincent's appetite for looking at pictures of all periods was insatiable. This exhibition promises to contain several surprises. In short, the visitor who goes to Holland in July or August will be able to see and learn more of Van Gogh at first hand than he will ever discover by looking at colour reproductions and reading the bad books with which the market continues to be flooded.—*Third Programme*



'The Garden of St. Paul's Hospital at St. Rémy'

Recent publications include the following books: *The Costumes of Chios*, by Philip P. Argenti (Batsford, 10 guineas); *John Speed's England, a Coloured Facsimile of the First Edition of 1610*, edited by John Arlott (Phoenix House, 2 vols., £4 10s. 0d. each); *Portrait Waxes*, by D. R. Reilly (Batsford, 42s.); *Worcester Porcelain*, by Franklin A. Barrett (Faber, 30s.); *Four Centuries of European Jewellery*, by Erle Bradford (Country Life, 42s.); *A Short History of Music*, by Alfred Einstein (Cassell, Illustrated Edition, 30s.); *West Durham: a Problem Area in North-Eastern England*, by G. H. J. Daysh and J. S. Symonds (Blackwell, 45s.).

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Strange Case of Alger Hiss

By The Earl Jowitt.

Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.

THE TRAGEDY of Alger Hiss offers an irresistible challenge to the English legal mind. There is no other case that suggests a parallel. It is completely American; and after several years of investigation, with two trials ending in a five-years' sentence for perjury, almost every important question of fact is still in dispute. Here was a highly placed public servant with a past of the smoothest success. His character was vouched for by distinguished friends and colleagues. He stood before the world as organising secretary of the San Francisco conference which produced the United Nations charter. He resigned from the State Department to become president of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, and that was his office when his sensational downfall occurred. He was accused of having been a crypto-Communist, guilty of espionage and of handing out confidential documents to Russian secret agents. His accuser, Whittaker Chambers, was a former Soviet spy who, long hidden in the Russian underground, had confessed to years of treasonable activity (being protected by the statute of limitations) and to perjuries continued even after the religious conversion that moved him to make the disclosures. Lord Jowitt agrees with the unanimous view of the American press that the interminable record of hearings, in court and outside, embodies a structure of 'massive and mountainous lying'.

This summary and analysis of a complex and utterly baffling affair is done within a modest compass. It is restricted to the second trial, aided by liberal use of the pre-trial examinations and of Whittaker Chambers' remarkable autobiography, *Witness*. The exposition is in general not hard to follow, although readers unfamiliar with the subject-matter (and that means virtually all on this side of the Atlantic) may complain that too many pieces of needless evidence are brought in. Also, there are some serious omissions, with undeniable mistakes in emphasis or inference. Moreover, at times the author's incidental comments are oddly wide of the mark.

A former Lord Chancellor could hardly be expected to carry through his difficult task without underlining the marked contrasts between English and American legal procedure. While carefully avoiding an assumption of superiority in our court practice, or in the English law of evidence, Lord Jowitt expresses surprise over the fact that Counsel on both sides neglected many plain openings for cross-examination, and he finds a grave defect in the American rule which exempts the Judge in a criminal case from undertaking a review of the evidence. How, he asks, can a jury be expected to keep in mind, without expert guidance, the salient problems of a trial that has lasted over two months?

Lord Jowitt's attitude is, of course, correct in its detachment, but this does not mean that he denies himself an expression of opinion on, for example, the comparative values of statements from the witness-stand. The sharpest contradictions between Hiss and Chambers came in arguments about their personal relations before the crucial year 1938. (It should be remembered that all the incidents discussed lay more than ten years in the past.) Hiss and his wife flatly and repeatedly denied the Chambers' story, particularly as it referred to home visits and holidays in company which implied friend-

ship as well as professional dealing. Lord Jowitt notes when the truth of Hiss' answers seems clear, or when the Chambers' details sound reasonably convincing. Naturally enough, he makes no attempt to disentangle the ludicrous conflict of testimony concerning such incidents as the transfer of an old Ford car. He holds, as did the jury, that the battered typewriter used for some of the incriminating documents was fatal to the defence. He underlines the fact that about nine-tenths of the evidence was devoted to Hiss' alleged Communist affiliations which, whether actual or not, were remote from the simple basis of the trial: the charge was of perjury alone. The book closes with a short list of queries including these: Was Alger Hiss at any time a 'dedicated and disciplined Communist' such as Chambers described, paying party dues to his accuser? What were the reasons for Hiss' many kindnesses to a man without a known surname during their admittedly long connection? Was it established that the documents had all passed through Hiss' hands in the Department? If these and a few other questions could be answered, Lord Jowitt contends, we should know enough to be near the heart of the puzzle. Yet nothing could be more certain than that, not many months hence, Alger Hiss will emerge from prison with the mystery of his personality, his movements and motives altogether intact.

The Silent World

By J. Y. Cousteau and F. Dumas.

Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

Even the title of this book is excellent—a satisfactory feature in these days when so many authors seem inclined to go in for obscure titles which bear little relationship to the subject of their work. 'The Silent World' surely describes briefly and graphically the vast realms, teeming with plant and animal life, which lie beneath the waters of the oceans. This story deals with unique methods of diving to considerable depths, with the minimum amount of apparatus and an absence of constricting life-lines and air pipes.

Captain Cousteau, a French naval officer, and his colleague and co-author, Frédéric Dumas have produced a fascinating account of their adventures beneath the surface of many seas. Captain Cousteau originated the 'Aqualung' which enables its user to go as far down as three hundred feet into the sea and, moreover, to stay there for anything up to two hours. And what an amazing and weird and wonderful world they find at these depths: not only seaweeds and corals of fantastic shape and beauty, but also fish and other marine creatures, many of which are seldom seen, except under these conditions.

But the adventures do not stop at those with a natural-history background. Archaeological treasures of tremendous age have been found and conveyed to the surface by the joint efforts of the authors of this book. Specimens of Greek sculpture, marble columns going back to the first century B.C. have been brought to light, to say nothing of anchors from long-sunken ships, and metal carvings of Phoenician origin.

There is reading in this book for all tastes, and it would be a dull dog indeed who could not find something to excite and interest him in this record of submarine exploration. Those who delight in stories of the monsters of the deep are also catered for; though they may be a little disappointed to note the easy familiarity with which the authors hit sharks on the nose with cameras and do ballet dances with an octopus!

However, it is always good to have the legendary savagery of beasts reduced to some sort of proportion.

The book is magnificently illustrated, not only with black-and-white photographs, but also with some amazing specimens of undersea colour photography: in all, an outstanding book on an enthralling subject.

Shakespeare Survey 6. Edited by

Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge. 18s.

English academic writers are merciless in their determination to satisfy the public's thirst (existent or non-existent) for writings about Shakespeare. *Shakespeare Survey* is now in its sixth year as a well-wrought container for such outpourings. The pattern is familiar: we are given a number (fourteen this time) of articles, some (here six) of which have a single 'topic' or 'theme' (the 'Histories'), some (nine) pages of 'International Notes', a list of productions in the United Kingdom, an article or two on particular productions and a sort of 'Year's Work in Shakespeare Studies'. The topic, one supposes, is shoved in to prevent the thing becoming too heterogeneous; but the effect is numbing. Repeated references to Tillyard, D. Wilson and Lily B. Campbell almost slug the reader into coma. The book cannot avoid being a rag-bag—and what is wrong with rag-bags?

The virtues of a symposium can be assessed only by a balancing of items. The credit side here comes out well in the lead. The most pleasing article is that in which Chang Chen-hsien expounds the delightful difficulties of translating Shakespeare into Chinese. 'According to old Chinese etiquette, a man cannot touch the hand of a woman . . . Duncan cannot say to Lady Macbeth "Give me your hand". That is not courtesy, but seduction'. Again, 'No one short of a villain could possibly have behaved like Hamlet to his mother in the chamber scene'.

Sir Barry Jackson's 'On Producing "Henry VI"' is a fresh and unpompous lesson to the academics. When he writes, 'The dissection of the text and the implication that it is not entirely Shakespeare's I must leave to the scholars in their cloistered nooks, but what is as clear as daylight from the practical view of stage production is that the author was a dramatist of the first rank, though perhaps immature. If the author was not Shakespeare, I can only regret that the writer in question did not give us more examples of his genius. In short, "Henry VI" is eminently actable', he answers in a paragraph hundreds of pages of Robertsonian and Wilsonian twaddle. Yet he adds with courtesy later, 'My own experience proves that having made such deletions as are deemed necessary, the proposed acting text should be submitted to a mind trained in academic study. . . . This has been a personal rule throughout my career, and guidance and advice have always been forthcoming, service for which I now record most grateful thanks'. Perhaps Sir Barry Jackson will send a copy of his words to Sir Laurence Olivier before we are given any more Shakespeare films.

Professor Charles Prouty of Yale goes in triumphantly to bat for the academics. In 'An Early Elizabethan Playhouse' he unravels the story of the virtually unknown Trinity Hall in the City of London. He finds evidence for over a hundred performances of plays there between 1557 and 1568. He tells much about a little-known time in the history of English drama and his article is a model of how research should be

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performed and presented. Dr. Harold Jenkins' 'Shakespeare's History Plays: 1900-1951' is much more than a list and précis of articles and books; he has traced out the fashions of scholarship.

Professor Kenneth Muir, in 'A Reconsideration of "Edward III"', goes to work with all the latest research gadgets—vocabulary-tests, imagery-percentages, image-clusters, uncomic-pun-repetitions—and finds that 'if Shakespeare was not the author, he was at least intimately acquainted with, and deeply influenced by, "Edward III"'. Professor Muir is a grand example of the naive scholar leaning on the crutch of pseudo-statistics—[Hart's] most significant test deals with the use of Compound Participial Adjectives. If we modify his figure so that they represent the use per 1,000 lines of different kinds of adjectival compounds, we get the following table . . .—and his end approximates pretty closely to his beginning; but his article is, if we skip the percentages, highly interesting.

And on the other side of the ledger? Mr. J. W. Lever attempts with hideous heartiness to prove that Shakespeare was indebted to John Eliot's French conversation book, *Ortho-epia Gallica* (1593). He offers a number of unconvincing parallels and puts himself into a fine lather about 'a characteristic spelling oddity': what we spell *à cette heure*, Eliot spells *asteure* and Shakespeare, in 'Henry V', *asture*. 'How did the error come about?' asks Mr. Lever. There is no error. The spelling is a quite common sixteenth-century spelling. Montaigne uses *asture* and *asteure*; the 1611 Cotgrave uses *asteure*. Mr. Lever states that the Fanfrolico reprint of Eliot was 'restricted to seventy-five copies, and hardly added to the book's accessibility'. The edition was of 625 copies.

Mr. George Rylands in 'Festival Shakespeare in the West End' is evidently attempting to cram the maximum number of quotations into a short article. The list of 1951 productions is hopelessly incomplete and in the *International Notes* ('1951 must be reckoned a lean, if not an altogether barren, year as regards Shakespearean activities in Switzerland') the tares have almost completely choked the corn. These two sections might be omitted; the index should be improved in the next number. And what case is there for the use of the antiquated *Globe* text? Let it be repeated that the good of this publication far outweighs that which is shoddy and ridiculous.

The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade

By Geoffrey Gorer. Peter Owen. 15s.

The Marquis de Sade is nothing if not a puritan. *Justine* might have been written by a psychopathic Bunyan, and *Fuliette* is a sort of inverted *Pilgrim's Progress* depicting (with analogous intensity) the road to perdition instead of the road to salvation. In most of Sade's stories people who begin with mild impurities end committing heinous crimes. Thus, though a cursory acquaintance with his writings might nourish, as Lawrence said all pornography was meant to nourish, transitory erotic fantasies, prolonged familiarity with Sade would reform the worst voluptuary. The effect is homoeopathic.

The present book on Sade is written in a spirit of high seriousness which will surprise and perhaps dismay admirers of Mr. Gorer's lively, iconoclastic studies of primitive and decadent societies. It is a work of Mr. Gorer's youth, his first book, enlarged but not substantially changed. It is also a work of a kind for which, as time has shown, Mr. Gorer is not by temperament ideally suited, a work of rehabilitation. He has tried to prove that Sade was not, as most people assume, a wicked man who wrote endless volumes of philosophical tosh and scatological narrative

in bad French, but, on the contrary, a much maligned man who wrote books of considerable philosophical, scientific, and artistic value in excellent French.

Alas, like Sade himself, Mr. Gorer overdoes it. Tolerance becomes indulgence, generosity becomes prodigality. All the reasons he gives for admiring Sade serve, in the end, only to prove the worthlessness of Sade. He kills him with kindness. Mr. Gorer explains that 'one of the mainsprings' of his writing this book 'was an attempt to find a psychological explanation for widespread acceptance of the Nazi movement in Germany'. Solemn as this sounds, it is only fair to add that Mr. Gorer does sustain that attitude to Sade which Swinburne (of all people) called 'rational curiosity'. There is nothing here to satisfy, or even stimulate a baser curiosity, and anyone who comes to the book in search of vicarious pornography will assuredly be disappointed.

A History of Chinese Philosophy

Vol. 1. The Period of the Philosophers from the beginnings to circa 100 B.C.

By Fung Yu-lan. Translated by

Derk Bodde. Allen and Unwin. 40s.

Old-fashioned Chinese scholars generally commented minutely on philosophical texts; they paid much less attention to the philosophers' historical background. Modern attempts to supply China's early thinkers with an appropriate setting have often led to queer results. Confucius has appeared in any role from secret society leader to ritual expert, from reactionary to reformer, from monarchist to democrat, the latter interpretation being especially favoured on the other side of the Atlantic; indeed, political preferences have coloured all these views. Professor Fung is one of those who tries to give us the man marching with the forces of history rather than the sage immobile on a pedestal. His interpretation is more plausible than most.

But there is more to ancient Chinese philosophy than Confucianism, though we in the west know little about it. Among others there were the Dialecticians, whose discussions may provoke speculation about the possibility of western influence, the Legalists, who were political theorists with a totalitarian turn of mind, the Mohists, who have stimulated comparison with our Utilitarians, and the Taoists, who may serve to remind our philosophers that mysticism is not just a smear word. Professor Fung has not been able to deal evenly with all these schools. A defective historical sense proves a serious weakness in certain parts of the book; one instance is that he takes the whole of the *Analects* as of equal value for the teachings of Confucius, although it is already an old game to notice the strata in this work. But one cannot judge this as a sample of the very best in Chinese scholarship, just as one could never have expected Russell's *History of Western Philosophy* to equal the best work done by specialists on the individual philosophers.

The book is written in the Chinese style, long quotations from the ancients alternating with passages of commentary. Meant originally for Chinese readers, it may be considered as hardly suitable as an introduction for westerners, but if he can accustom himself to the strangeness of the method, the general reader may be rewarded with some insight into the style of Chinese scholarship. He will also have available a useful anthology of quotations, an essential if he is to glimpse the spirit of Chinese philosophy. What is certain is that, despite its defects, the book will be standard for a long time to come.

This volume was originally published in China sixteen years ago. It has now been reprinted to accompany the first appearance of a second

volume, which carries the story on to modern times. Two complaints must be registered. We were promised both volumes together, but are now to be kept waiting indefinitely for the second. Secondly, the reader is apparently expected to incorporate in the text the long list of additions and corrections to the first edition given at the beginning. Was it necessary, for example, to reprint the old bibliography with all its errors and omissions, adding three pages of addenda and corrigenda at the opposite end of the book?

Hölderlin. His poems translated by

Michael Hamburger, with a critical study of the poet. Harvill Press. 18s.

This is an important book, both for the translations themselves (with the German text) and for the careful critical introduction (ninety pages). Michael Hamburger is a sensitive translator, doubly so, for he combines the two sensibilities of the scholar and the poet. It has been his own modest intention that the scholar should take precedence, aiming at a literal, rather than a literary, translation, even at the expense of the music and the regularity of metre which in the original form a great part of the beauty of Hölderlin's work: 'I consider these offences less unforgivable than an intrusion of the translator's idiosyncrasies into the author's work. Any substitution or grafting on of images, similes, and thoughts by the translator seems to me like an act of trespass'. Yet the poet has often triumphed, all the more so, perhaps, for giving first place to the scholar. Mr. Hamburger has produced, indeed, something much finer than a literal translation. Very often in reading the English one has the illusion of reading a German poem.

This may have to do with the irreducible strangeness of the poetry. Classical in form, it carries, like a river in spate, that flooding of the superhuman—or subconscious—so characteristic of the German genius from Faust Part II, and Zarathustra, to Rilke:

The measureless attracts, and whole peoples, too,
The lust of death possesses, daring

Cities when these have long done their
utmost.

This strange longing, of which Hölderlin writes, one might say, prophetically, in the poem 'The Voice of the People', is a mood found in the genius of no other language, and fore-shadows Rilke's 'Elegies' with their mysticism of early death. Even closer to Rilke's 'Elegy' on heroes who die young:

Blessed are these who to their rest have departed,
and

Before their time have fallen, and those, those
too

Most like the first fruits of the harvest
Sacrificed—these have received their
portion.

Like Wagner's music, Hölderlin's imagination ranges just beyond human experience, in a sublime region of torrential daimonic forces sweeping away the races and men whom they possess into an abyss of darkness, that yet always drew the poet as towards a state more living and exultant than that of human existence. The tragedy of madness that overtook the gentle, beautiful poet at the age of thirty-six has been written of by Jung, Jaspers, and others; but Mr. Hamburger wisely discusses the poet and his poetry, and not the madman and the daimon that possessed and finally overwhelmed him. His visions may have permanent value as a revelation of truth, just as the discoveries of an explorer are not invalidated by the death of the traveller on his ice-cap or summit. Such explorations are always dangerous, but we should rather be grateful than critical of those who pay too heavy a price for their discoveries.

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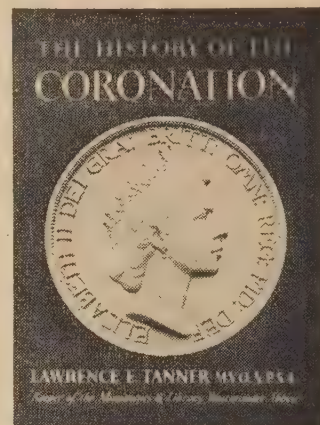
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Chatto and Windus

Hölderlin has been compared to Shelley, and even to Blake. Mr. Hamburger finds the later Keats (of 'Hyperion') the closest English parallel. Both these poets fell in love, from motives beyond reason, with Greek mythology; yet it would be hard to say whether Keats' or Hölderlin's imagined Greece is farther from the Greece either of Homer or of Socrates. The romantic movement, with its forcing of the doors by the irrational powers of the mind, confronted a problem never perhaps solved in a satisfactory way by any poet of the time: a pantheon was suddenly needed, to carry not allegory or fancy but the daemonic utterances of the unconscious powers then stirring in Europe, in a period of revolution, of early industrialism, the beginning of a process of rapid transformation, quite without precedent, for which ancient Greece and her gods could not provide a pattern or a sufficient clue. Keats seems to have had little sense of what was stirring, and to have evoked the Greek gods rather from nostalgia than from prophecy. In this respect, Shelley and Hölderlin are more alike, since both were well aware of the modern weight that their resurrected pantheon had to carry. In Hölderlin, the combination of Keatsian nostalgia with the prophetic uprising of dark forces is stranger, less intellectual, than Shelley's myth-making, and certainly more nihilistic. For Hölderlin, the gods are at once inspirers and destroyers; man is the living instrument of their inscrutable purposes: he may share their ecstasy, but not their ends.

Blake solved the problem by creating his own pantheon. Yet the important difference between Blake and Hölderlin lies less in their pantheons—the gods are always much the same—but in their religions. Blake was the prophet of a Christian conception of a 'divine humanity', of integration; Hölderlin's gods, even his Christ, came rather as the destroyers than as the saviours of those whom they inspired, carrying away poets and heroes, like Ganymede, beyond the human. Most poignant in this disquieting and strangely remote poetry, is the tenderness of Hölderlin's vision of an earthly existence, Wordsworthian in its simplicity, from which he feels himself torn away by his genius; only in some moment of ecstasy can the two be fused, for their only common element is the sublime beauty whose unearthly sunset radiance casts enchantment over a vision essentially tragic.

Our Times: A Social History

By Vivian Ogilvie. Batsford. 21s.

Social history is one of the most difficult aspects of the historian's art. It requires large and patient research, careful planning, and sustained good writing. Mr. Ogilvie has struggled commendably with a vast list of subjects, but it is to be feared that this is an example of how not to do it.

First, he covers a period of forty years (1912-1952) full of astonishing changes and discoveries, but his arrangement of subjects leaves him little scope for chronological distinctions. To give an instance: he groups in one sentence the *British Gazette*, *The Listener*, and *Picture Post*: each of these papers has a significance in the history of our times, but they have no common significance whatever. Secondly, Mr. Ogilvie writes in a told-to-the-children manner, so full of platitudes and facts which must be common knowledge to all except the very young that he hardly appears to have an adult audience in mind. Thirdly, he gives the impression of a patchwork, tolerable perhaps in a professional journalist who has lived through a multitude of events but unsatisfactory in a historian combining material from dozens of sources. His bibliography does not inspire confidence. For example, though he includes a long chapter on dress there is no mention of C. Willett Cunningham's books. The

chapters on films, theatres, radio, and books are perfunctory, and the bibliography contains no reference to several important books on these subjects.

The book is excellently produced and contains some useful photographs, though dullish drawings. It is a pity the text is not better, for it was a good idea.

Goths and Vandals: A Study of the Destruction, Neglect, and Preservation of Historical Buildings in England.

By Martin S. Briggs. Constable. 30s.

'There is perhaps no one thing', declared Sir John Vanbrugh, 'which the most Polite part of Mankind have more universally agreed in; than the Value they have ever set upon the Remains of distant Times. Nor amongst the Several kinds of those Antiquities, are there any so much regarded, as those of Buildings . . .'. Vanbrugh wrote in 1709, but it is only in recent years that a serious attempt has been made to preserve the historical monuments of England on a national scale. The consciousness that they should be preserved, or at least recorded, goes back, however, to the sixteenth century, when Leland made his famous tour of the doomed monasteries between 1535 and 1543. On the eve of the Civil War Dugdale set out on a similar tour of the cathedrals and other major churches, taking an artist who made 'exact draughts' of the monuments and inscriptions 'to the end that the memory of them, in case of that ruine then imminent, might be preserved for future and better times': and by the early eighteenth century there were many who would have read Vanbrugh's words with sympathy.

But there were many (including Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to whom they were addressed) in whom they would have evoked no response, and more than one medieval English church might have occasioned the inscription set up by an outraged antiquary over the ruins of Letheringham Church in Suffolk—'Fuius. Indignant Reader! These Monumental Remains are not (as Thou mayest suppose) The Ruins of Time, but were destroyed in an irruption of the Goths so late in the Christian Aera as the year 1789'. But it was reserved to posterity to witness the more insidious form of destruction which called itself restoration, and it is only in the twentieth century that Vanbrugh's precocious statement has become an acknowledged truth. The history of the 'destruction, neglect and preservation of historical buildings in England' is therefore a long and involved story, intimately bound up with the histories of taste and antiquarianism, with religious principles, social changes and national self-consciousness. To trace it in all its complexity would be a fascinating but also a laborious task, demanding a wide knowledge of English history in all its aspects, and much research in public and private archives.

Mr. Briggs has sensed its fascination, but he has failed to equip himself fully for the task he has undertaken. Thus he discusses the origin of the term 'Gothic', but without referring to Mr. E. S. de Beer's definitive study of the subject in the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*. He devotes a whole chapter to 'Wren and his Times', but accords only incidental mention to his pupil Hawksmoor, whose attitude towards the preservation of ancient buildings was expressed in a well-known letter to the fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, and whose printed appeals for St. Alban's Abbey and Beverley Minster must be the first of their kind in English history. He writes of 'antiquarian contemporaries of Horace Walpole', but fails even to mention Browne Willis, whose whole life was devoted to the repair and preservation of English churches. He alludes to the founda-

tion of the Incorporated Church Building Society, but he says nothing about the system of Church Briefs which it superseded. Turning to the present, he describes the work of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, but strangely ignores that of the Georgian Group. The chapter on Gilbert Scott and his contemporaries is better informed than the rest, and makes not uninteresting reading. But the book as a whole is far from being the 'systematic study' announced on the dust-jacket: at best it is a disappointing treatment of a promising subject for which its publishers are asking a price which even in these days can hardly be described as moderate.

Venice: The Lion and the Peacock

By Laurence Scarfe.

Portrait of Tangier. By Rom Landau. Hale. 25s. and 21s. respectively.

All travel books are an insidious form of autobiography: they tell us at least as much about author as subject. Mr. Scarfe is the eternal tourist, and proud of it. Venice is his fairyland, lifted out of time and reality, where he can escape from the entanglements of everyday life. In contrast, Mr. Landau is political to his fingertips: his acquaintance with Morocco is that of the resident rather than the casual visitor. Tangier is for him a functioning organism, where people rather than things are the stuff of life.

People play a small part in *The Lion and the Peacock*, and Mr. Scarfe sees them as if through the glass of an aquarium, till they merge with the eighteenth-century grotesques and harlequins he describes so well. Despite his occasional hard remarks about museums, it is difficult to see his Venice as anything else: a gorgeous fossil, preserved in amber Mediterranean light for the visitor's pleasure, devoid of contemporary significance. One feels that Mr. Scarfe's pen is too used to signing travellers' cheques. Nevertheless, there are some fine things here: the conception of Venetian architecture as Marine Gothic, with the glassware duplicating the spirals and points of sea shells, will be particularly pleasing to archaeologists. The illustrations are disappointing: these hard pen-and-ink sketches miss the delicacy of form which is the most striking feature of Venice, and a glance at his dust-jacket shows how much we have lost by Mr. Scarfe's eschewal of colour.

Portrait of Tangier takes us into a world of political intrigue and international controls, the threads of which are skillfully extricated from a sketch of Tangier's history. Mr. Landau's genealogical tree of this so-called Free and Independent City's administration is horrific: it includes the Sultan, the Mendoub, a Committee of Control, an International Legislative Assembly containing French, Spanish, British, American, Russian, Italian, Belgian, Dutch, and Portuguese members, and an International Police Force. All these bodies function with some degree of autonomy, and have very limited relations with each other. Over this ill-defined carcass French and Spanish Morocco conduct a continual feud.

It will be apparent that Mr. Landau, like most sincere foreigners who know and love a country well, carries a large chip on his shoulder against the inadequacies of external Imperial administration: this book was written after both French and Spaniards had refused him an entrance visa because of his criticisms. The accident was a fortunate one. Mr. Landau has drawn an authoritative picture of a little-known city, combining with an outline of the old and new towns on conventional lines a startling indictment of the resident foreign communities, and some unforgettable sketches of the drunks, ne'er-do-wells and odd fish who drift into the maelstrom of this uneasy No-Man's-Land.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

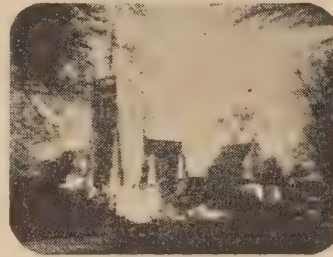
TELEVISION

TELEVISION HAS A MISSION; its activities are intended to be socially important in the higher sense: see the B.B.C. Charter, dedicating the Corporation to the task of informing, educating, and entertaining 'the public of this realm'. Is the task being done well? In terms of ideas, just about as well as George Newnes was doing it seventy years ago. A glance at the list of more serious programmes of the fortnight is like reading the index to his *Tit-Bits*, Vol. 1 'Calendar Customs', 'You and Your Child', 'Haddon Hall', 'Severn Wildfowl', 'Other People's Jobs', 'The Bells Ring Out', 'Kneller Hall'—aspiration is hardly matched by inspiration. We are not given the impression of a conscious formulation of ideas so much as of a monstrous electronic cuckoo being fed by little loyal people. Like discipline at Dotheboys Hall, momentum must be maintained, capital expenditure justified. The machine, again, is boss: there is no man powerful enough to stop it even for a day. So we have had, also, programmes on the Boys' Brigade, science in American television, procedure in a juvenile court, 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' with cricket, table tennis, horse racing, and the presentation of the Standards at Windsor keeping us visually alert to those goings-on which *The Times* prints as 'Today's Arrangements'.

Though not stated in so few words, the original Newnes formula was: information as entertainment. With pictorial embellishments, much assisted by the new half-tone process of illustration, George Newnes pro-

Titbits

jected it into *The Strand Magazine*. Television, too, gives us 'Portraits Of Celebrities At All Ages' (in its film biographies) and 'Illustrated Interviews'. While agreeing that television admirably conforms to the high popular standard of a once-famous magazine, we viewers must not be misled



As seen on the television screen: 'The Bells Ring Out': All Saints' Church, Kingston Seymour, Somerset, and (right) the ringers in action



Silver Drums (left) and a recruit on a toughening course, from 'We Make 'Em Proud', televised on May 5



'Severn Wildfowl': some of the birds in the sanctuary, and (right) Peter Scott feeding the Hawaiian geese Photographs: John Cura



Scene from 'Juvenile Court', a documentary programme on 'The Course of Justice', televised on April 28

into supposing that its bright, decisive young men are displaying the utmost originality. That many of them would exist long in the atmosphere of competitive journalism is open to doubt; not that one necessarily believes it to be an important qualification for existing at all.

Somehow, some time, television must struggle to free itself from the grip and force of momentum, like the Third Programme, and discover what it is really trying to tell us in picture and word. There are occasions when it behaves as if it is taking over the role of the poets of the 'twenties who were preoccupied with the shaping of a social conscience. More often one feels that it is not nervous enough for the purpose to which it is officially committed, that its arteries are already hardening under the stress of departmentalism, shift complications, union rules, consultative delays. Perhaps the marvel is that we get the programmes we do.

I am glad that 'Victory At Sea' has run its sombre, glorious course with us (apart from the afternoon 'repeats'). High flaming courage secured many of the pictures, and the contributions from enemy sources were often fascinating. A less lofty spirit edited the films: the final result was terribly lacking in magnanimity. True, they were made for American audiences, not for ours; hence the lusty new-Elizabethan crudities of the staccato preaching commentary, the mock-pompous background music, the false 'documentary' values which whipped up events out of incidents. They left us in full-blooming admiration of American logistics genius, which may be a greater war deterrent than the atom bomb.

Like mouth-organ playing, table tennis strikes me as being a form of virtuosity which, at a pinch, could be dispensed with. That I found the national tournament games at the Royal Albert Hall more compelling to the attention than I had expected was due to the cameramen who so skilfully kept our eyes on the ball. Their ability to do so has certainly improved since I last viewed these games on television. Televised cricket at Worcester ran into wea her

opposition: perhaps the cameramen should be trained to stand in front of their cameras and tell us stories during these grey lapses. They had a 'scoop' at the Household Cavalry ceremony at Windsor when, at the end, Prince Charles shyly joined his mother, the Queen, as she went to her car. A charmingly intimate royal glimpse; and fancy could dictate the belief that the little boy's admiring upward look at his father, splendidly accoutred, may have decided his future, so powerful are the identifying urges in the young. Full marks also to the o.b. (outside broadcast) cameras for bringing us such good pictures of the Cup Final that it was easy to forget the dull passages that had gone before.

Joan Gilbert's interview with Colonel Arthur Young, police chief just back from Malaya, brought fairly good tidings from that troubled land; an instructive surprise item. Bobby Locke, talking golf with Frank Coven, seemed unduly concerned with the money side of the game; the emphasis came over uncomfortably. 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' continues to be a 'must' with me. I dislike missing it. 'The Bells Ring Out', from the church of the jingling Somerset place-name where they were practising the Coronation peal, was a treat for the eye if not always for the ear.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Restoration

IT HAPPENED ON SUNDAY at the tail of 'The Plain Dealer' (Third). I had spent two hours split between respect for the acting and exasperation with the comedy's airless artifice. Then we reached the passage in which Manly 'observes Fidelia's hair untied, and without a peruke, which she lost in the scuffle'. Michael Hordern uttered the line, 'You have not deceived me too, my little volunteer?', with a warming gentleness. Suddenly the play was true. A moment more, and it had ended; I was recalling not its tedium, but the actor's tenderness in those few words and the later 'You have been my volunteer in love'. Throughout, Mr. Hordern had shown expressive understanding of Manly, the misanthrope ('of an honest, surly, nice humour') who, in some ways, is identifiable with 'manly Wycherley' himself. This actor's gift for painting upon air portraits that he can fix in the mind becomes progressively remarkable: Pericles, Volpone, Strindberg's Edgar, Manly. I would like to hear him as Don Adriano de Armado, the 'fantastical Spaniard' whose name was probably Shakespeare's hit at 'Armada'.

Shakespeare and Wycherley are worlds away, though the disguised Fidelia in 'The Plain Dealer'—phrased attractively by Margaret Ward—is a curious throw-back to Viola. There is an Olivia, too, in this comedy: she is Manly's trying mistress, with an occasional dimly Millamantine turn of speech; nothing else like that dear coquette. Manly is derived from Molière's misanthrope. But the elaborate satire, with its rascals and coxcombs, its apparatus of modish comedy, is firmly of the English Restoration—only Fidelia is out of tune—and we have to be in love with the period to get much from the piece. Unwillingly, on Sunday, I admired some of the streaks of wit (Manly's passage on 'that preposterous huddle of ceremony', for one) and the comic vivacity of the litigious widow. Most willingly, I admired some of the performances: Gladys Young's widow; the way in which Ronald Simpson smoothed along his 'complier with the age'. But my sympathy with Wycherley's method is imperfect; it was probably my misfortune that, until the last minute, the piece remained for me a well-presented puppet-show (Frederick Bradnum in charge) but hardly an excitement.

Compared with Wycherley, Pinero is a plain dealer indeed. 'The Thunderbolt' (Home) has been restored to the stage within the last decade. Its failure in 1908 was odd, for Pinero was the pattern stage carpenter in massive mahogany. This plot is about a will—a strong will is invaluable in strong drama—and a pack of relatives. The thunderbolt is a repentant confession (by one of the only, decent relatives) that may mean the loss of the money. As it happens, not much is lost, and we are sorry for it: the Mortimores are a wretched crowd. They were amply acted on Saturday (David H. Godfrey's revival), with Marjorie Westbury discerning as the culprit.

'The soup he took was elephant soup, and the fish he took was whale'. Chesterton always asked us to swallow a whale and made it seem like a minnow. What Pinero would have thought of 'The Man Who Was Thursday' I cannot say; in R. C. N. Barton's version (Home), handled with evident delight by Peter Watts, it reached us as an imaginative serio-comic radio-play—happy material since so many of the characters were two-voiced. It was amiable to hear George Hayes moving from maybe the worst asthma case on record to a healthy policeman, and William Fox's way of using and shedding an applied-Polish accent. Baliol Holloway projected Sunday, though his voice was no more that of a huge man than—according to Shaw's famous notice—the voice of Ian Robertson's Ghost in 'Hamlet' was that of a man who believed in ghosts.

I have queer bedfellows for a last paragraph. The first instalment of the tripartite Victor Hugo serial, 'Ninety-Three' (Home), had urgent vigour. And the stage army of Variety marched in 'Variety Playhouse' (Home). Pleasant enough to meet Vic Oliver, Beryl Reid's Monica, and Cyril Fletcher, but not very exciting. 'I would like to start by singing thirty or forty folk-songs', said Mr. Fletcher. Well, let him sing half-a-dozen. It all makes a change.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Anathemata

WHAT DO WE MEAN when we say we understand a poem? Different people give different answers. Those who have no understanding of poetry might reply that they mean they would be able to write down in plain prose what the poet has put into verse. But if they were, then surely it would have been better if the poet too had used plain prose or, still better, a mathematical formula. Such people leave out of account that what the poet has said is the poem and can be nothing else and that if the poem is changed the meaning too is changed, that the metaphors and similes, the sound and rhythm are all a part of the meaning. For these reasons it is difficult to understand completely any but the simplest poem at a first reading and still more so at a first hearing.

And so those listeners who had not read the book will have received only a relatively small impression of the radio adaptation of 'The Anathemata', the recently published work in verse and prose by David Jones which was given on the Third Programme last week, for in some respects it is a difficult poem. Yet I found it easy to listen to because the beauty, integrity, and originality of the language held me fascinated. But to grasp it as a coherent whole and to catch the significance and relevance of all the details would, I imagine, be impossible at a first hearing to anyone who had not first read the book and read it more than once.

Yet its references and associations are open to all who have the intelligence and culture necessary for understanding them and not, as is the

case with some modern poetry, a closed book recording the private 'surrealist' idiosyncrasies of the writer. It broadcast magnificently because it was evidently written to be heard and the production gave this quality full scope and in general provided a most appetising foretaste of the book. It is long since I listened to such an impressive broadcast.

Another broadcast of poetry was a 'Personal Anthology', a series which seldom fails to make good listening and often has the happy result of giving an airing to poems by famous poets which for most listeners have lain forgotten or unknown in the books on their shelves. The anthologist and introducer on this occasion was David Gascoyne and his choice, which ranged from Piers Plowman to the present day, was for the most part of this kind, and so it had about it the freshness and thrill of new discoveries. Hallam Fordham, who read the selection, is not only a very good reader, he has, besides, the versatility which can do justice to poets as different as George Herbert, Blake, Rossetti, Yeats, and D. H. Lawrence.

A second tribute to Izaak Walton and *The Compleat Angler* came too late for me to refer to it last week, but a talk which is as good of its kind as a talk can be must not go unmentioned. The author and broadcaster was Arthur Ransome is well aware that writing for a reader and, I believe, an accomplished angler. Mr. Ransome is well aware that writing for a reader is not the same thing as writing for a listener. As may be seen in *THE LISTENER* last week, this talk on Walton, like others of his, had that particular quality, always found in the best talks, of being composed for him to talk and us to hear.

One of the advantages of having been an inattentive student of history at school is that one has not to forget, in consequence of recent research, what one learned in those distant days. Thus I was able without any readjustment to accept the latest view of George III as man and king which Dr. J. H. Plumb so interestingly presented in 'A Conscientious Bull in a China Shop', a talk based on the recent work of Sir Lewis Namier and Professor Richard Pares.

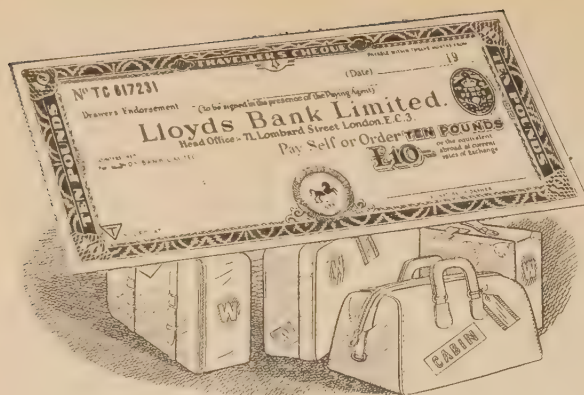
MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Twang-dang-dillo

VISITORS TO HASLEMERE some fifteen years ago will remember with affectionate amusement the struggles in which Arnold Dolmetsch used to engage with a large theorbo. During the past weeks this recollection has been brought to mind by the series of programmes of English lute-music to which I have listened, on and off, with much delight and astonishment. For it is astonishing how from those struggles of an old musician trying to master and practise an entirely forgotten technique there has grown up an accomplished group of lutenists who play with fluency and virtuosity. Credit for this must be given in part to the Third Programme, whose demand for such players has helped to create the supply.

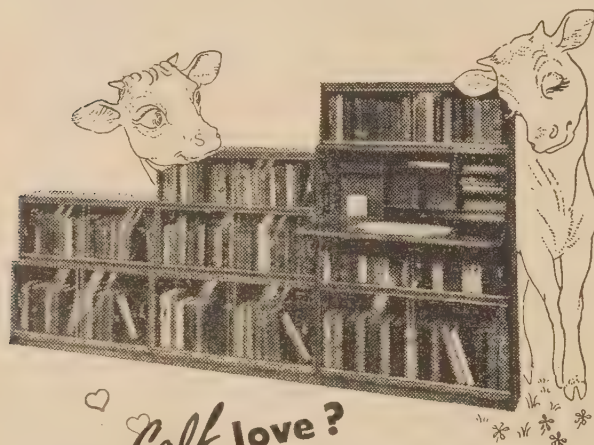
The lute is ideally suited to broadcasting, for its sounds are not over-complicated and come over perfectly in a good transmission. Its music is, moreover, essentially chamber-music, music for a small room. Like the clavichord's, its tone is too weak for a concert-hall even of modest size. That it does not greatly excite us, as Dowland's playing excited his contemporaries, must be set down to the fact that our ears are attuned to the greater sonorities and richer harmonies of pianoforte and orchestra. Still the pieces sounded enchanting and as an accompaniment



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to the voice the lute can hardly be bettered, whether it is used alone or as part of a 'broken consort'. The most valuable feature of the programme was that it enabled us to hear many of the famous Elizabethan songs in their original settings, instead of with accompaniment arranged for the pianoforte.

Turning from the antique to the contemporary, I feel impelled to cry, like Schumann on a famous occasion, 'Hats off, gentlemen!' to Kenneth Leighton, whose Violin Concerto was played by Frederick Grinke with the St. Cecilia Orchestra under Trevor Harvey's direction. Here is evidently a composer to watch. Like Dallapiccola, he disproves the proposition that the twelve-note system can produce only crabbed music or at best is applicable only to decadent and morbid

subjects. Perhaps that proposition should have been confined to the German originators of the system. It was perhaps their nature and environment that produced the decadent effect, not the system. Anyhow, Leighton's Concerto seemed to me a beautiful composition, in which the slow movement at the end provided the true and inevitable climax, so that there was no suggestion that the normal order had been altered for the mere sake of doing something different. This work shone the more brightly in comparison with Raymond Chevreuille's Pianoforte Concerto, played the next evening by Margaret Kitchin, which was an efficient piece of craftsmanship using some superficial contemporary idioms, but nothing more.

We have also had some early works of the

Great Masters. Trevor Harvey conducted Mozart's Thirtieth Symphony, Leo Wurmser the Sixth—products of genius' youth and infancy. The innocent lipings of the Sixth, written at the age of eleven, were only worth including as prelude to a Mass by Michael Haydn, Mozart's senior colleague at Salzburg, which proved that cheerfulness in church was no monopoly of Joseph's. And there was the 'Jena' Symphony, sometimes attributed to Beethoven, conducted by Norman Del Mar, which sounded good enough to be by old Haydn—so it may be by young Beethoven, whose Seventh was given an unworthy performance, scamped and slapdash, by the B.B.C. Orchestra under Carl Schuricht on Saturday night.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Vecchi and his 'Amfiparnaso'

By NIGEL FORTUNE

'L'Amfiparnaso' will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, May 19, and 7.5 p.m. on Friday, May 22 (both Third)

L''AMFIPARNASO' ('The Lower Slopes of Parnassus') is the most famous of madrigal comedies. These comedies, which flourished in Italy between about 1565 and 1630, consist of strings of madrigals and other popular forms, usually for three to six voices. Grave and sentimental songs mingle discreetly with gay and comic ones, and verses in the purest Tuscan jostle with dialogue in the meanest dialect.

Sometimes there is a rather inconsequential plot. Vecchi's comedy tells how two lovers, Lucio and Isabella, who have quarrelled, are reconciled and finally betrothed. Around them hover a subsidiary pair of lovers, Lelio and Nisa, and a flock of grotesque hangers-on from the Comedy of Masks, who now appear in a madrigal comedy for the first time: characters like old Pantaloon, the Bolognese Doctor Gratiano, the courtesan Hortensia, the Spanish Captain Cardone, and a comic servant or two. They would have an immediate appeal for the audiences of Vecchi's day, for their antics were then the staple fare of the Italian theatre. But Vecchi's plot is so fragmentary and his characterisation so inconsistent, that the question of performing 'L'Amfiparnaso' on the stage simply does not—or rather should not—arise. There are still people, however, who perpetuate the legend that 'L'Amfiparnaso' is a kind of early opera. It is true that Vecchi divides it into three acts and fourteen scenes, with one song to a scene. But in his prologue he says: 'This comedy of ours is not adorned with rich and beautiful scenes... The place where the work is played is the great theatre of the world, for everyone desires to hear it. Know then, that this spectacle of which I speak is seen by the mind, which it enters through the ears and not through the eyes; and now be silent and, instead of looking, listen'.

Orazio Vecchi was born in 1550 at Modena, then a quiet provincial city belonging to the brilliant Este family. He spent nearly all his life there and for some years was choirmaster at court and cathedral. He died in 1605, it is said of grief at being deprived of his appointments by the intrigue of a pupil. He took holy orders—indeed, at Correggio he rose to be archdeacon of the collegiate church—and wrote some church music; but that did not stop him from earning a great reputation as *bon viveur*, conversationalist, singer, and games-player. He was also the leading Italian poet-musician of his time and wrote the words of nearly all his songs. His cardinal aesthetic principle was to mix the grave with the

gay—a notable feature, as we have seen, of madrigal comedies. It is not surprising, then, that he published three other song-cycles on the lines of 'L'Amfiparnaso', of which 'Le Veglie di Siena' (1604) is the best known. Grave music is represented here by conventional five-part madrigals; the gay abounds in parodies, imitations of drunkenness, and many other amusingly realistic touches.

'L'Amfiparnaso' was first sung at Modena in 1594, and it was published at Venice in 1597. It probably appealed in the main to the young aristocratic dilettanti who liked to get together for convivial evenings in musical clubs and private houses. Vecchi was almost certainly assisted in writing the words by the popular poet Giulio Cesare Croce of Bologna. He sets them for five unaccompanied voices. Long stretches of the comic scenes, however, are set for groups of three voices. Vecchi does not associate a fixed group of voices with a particular character, and the only solo passage occurs at the beginning of the first scene.

The work opens with a mainly homophonic setting of the prologue from which I quoted above. Act I, scene 1, shows Pantaloon trying to woo Hortensia. But she greets the passion of the stuttering dotard with the sounds 'flo, flo, flo, flo', which are perhaps intended to illustrate her boxing his ears. Lelio's wooing of Nisa in scene 2 (which is for five voices throughout) is just as abortive. But Nisa is subtler than Hortensia: she gives Lelio a narcissus to show that she loves herself alone. The act ends with an abusive conversation in Venetian and Bolognese dialect between Pantaloon and Gratiano, for whom a more fitting name here might be Dr. Malaprop. Vecchi skilfully exploits the different rhythms of the two dialects.

The very attractive madrigal which opens Act II is Lucio's soliloquy. Believing that Isabella is having an illicit affair with Cardone, he threatens to take his life by jumping off a cliff; Vecchi's setting of the word '*precipitio*' no doubt ridicules the jejune setting of a similar word in a famous madrigal by Marenzio. There follows an absurd dialogue between Cardone and one Zanni—absurd because each sings in his native tongue, Cardone in Spanish and Zanni in Bergamask, and neither understands the other. The last three scenes feature Isabella. First she draws on the pompous Cardone by pretending to languish for him; then, in another charming five-part madrigal, she laments the supposed death of Lucio and vows to kill herself. Finally, Lucio's servant dashes in in the nick of time to

tell her that his master still lives; the character of the music changes as Isabella's sorrow gradually gives place to joy.

Act III, scene 1, is nicely varied. Pantaloon and Gratiano, reconciled now, agree to give a party. Pantaloon's servant reels off the list of guests to suitably monotonous music (Croce's poems often contain interminable catalogues like this); the doctor starts playing a lute, which Vecchi imitates; and then they all go off in high spirits, which are admirably caught in the music. The doctor now sings 'a delicate madrigal' under his lady's window, 'in a most sweet and amorous voice'. This turns out to be a naughty parody of 'Ancor che col partire' by Cipriano de Rore, a madrigal which would then be immediately recognisable to every type of music-lover, just as, say, Schubert's 'Serenade' is now. Vecchi guys the original words mercilessly; he retains Rore's soprano part and adds below it three parts of his own which once again imitate the lute. The fifth voice joins in at the end when the doctor is congratulated by his friends. Scene 3 is an amusing chorus of Jews, who are celebrating the Sabbath in mock Hebrew; it is introduced by the sound of Pantaloon's servant knocking at the gate of the ghetto. By way of contrast, there follows the touching reconciliation of Lucio and Isabella. Finally, we attend their joyful marriage. The other characters, whom Vecchi draws with great individuality, offer Isabella some rather contradictory presents; for example, one gives her a pair of gloves, symbolising her chastity, but another gives her a little dog which will always bark at burglars but never at clandestine lovers. At the very end, Vecchi imitates the applause of the audience—'a gracious indication', as Lucio says, 'that this tale of ours has given pleasure'.

We cannot hope to spot all the musical and poetic allusions which must lie buried in this work, nor to grasp all the racy slang which must have delighted the first audiences. But these are not really the things that matter. As Vecchi says, 'the jokes are only the condiments which flavour my wholesome food'—the food is wholesome because Vecchi holds up to us the mirror of human behaviour and teaches us moral lessons. From a musical point of view, 'L'Amfiparnaso' is an end: it sums up the secular music of sixteenth-century Italy. And Alfred Einstein rightly said: 'Vecchi is so gay, so light, so impudent, so fascinating a companion, that we prefer to see his work as a golden sunset and not as foreshadowing the coming night'.

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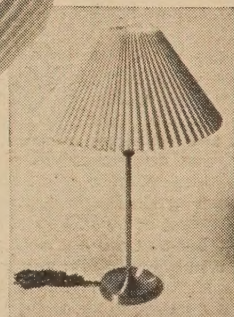
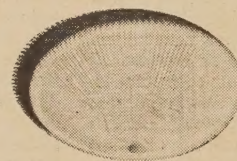
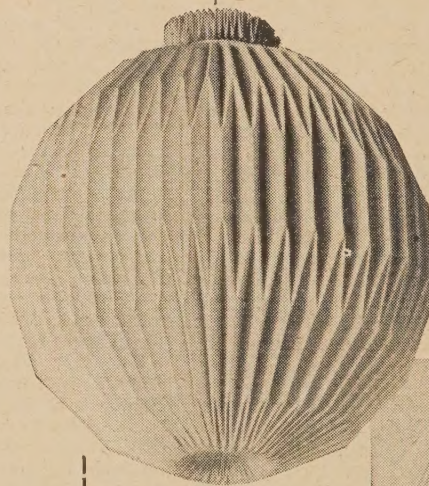
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For the Housewife

Getting Ready for Summer Sports

By RUTH DREW

I EXPECT you saw to it that stains on the family's sports clothes were dealt with in the autumn—before things such as white flannels and tennis shorts went into winter storage. But just in case you come across a grass stain on those clothes, the remedy is methylated spirit, or surgical spirit. This is also useful for moving mould marks on fabrics. First, you want to brush the mouldy place with a clothes brush, and then arrange it over a pad of absorbent cloth—an old, soft towel does very well. Then sponge and dab thoroughly with a piece of soft, clean cloth, wetted with the spirit. You will often find that the stain will dissolve out. If it does not, wet the material with water, sprinkle on a little borax, and then rub in some toilet soap, rubbing so that you bring up a lather. Then rinse the lather off. Even if this treatment does not quite get rid of the stain, it will make things a lot better.

One more stain you may be finding on beach clothes, perhaps, is tar. Tar yields to oil of eucalyptus. I ought to add that all stains are tricky to treat if they are long standing—they get firmly set in the fibres of the fabric—so, of course, it is best to tackle them at once.

Now men's sweaters—the heavy ones all set about with cable stitch and dear to the hearts of games players. If you are faced with one

which looks a little felted, again the stuff to help is borax. Try washing the sweater carefully—that is by gentle squeezing in plenty of good quality lather—working with warm water, not piping hot water. Add borax to this, and to the warm rinsing waters, too. The most usual proportion is about two tablespoonsful of borax to one gallon of water. I hope you will find that this brings back some of the wool's springiness.

Now a few oddments for games' players in particular. Perhaps there is someone who will like to be reminded to lay in some linseed oil for a cricket bat; what about loose or missing straps and buckles on cricket pads? And for climbers' boots perhaps a new supply of dubbin is wanted, or waterproofing oil, and perhaps nailing needs attention. For tennis rackets—well, someone may want a new hand grip and some gut reviver. By the way, there is a point about storing a tennis racket: do not put it away for any length of time wearing its waterproof jacket. It may lead to inside condensation, and that is bad for the strings. Temperature is important to rackets: they like equable conditions—and no damp. For that reason it is best to store them away from an outside wall. But do not worry about any of this if you boast a racket strung with nylon. Nylon is unaffected by

climatic changes. A nylon-strung racket likes its press, but that is all it demands.

Of course, your idea of summer pleasure may be sitting comfortably in the sunshine, not darting about. So I wonder whether anyone's deck chair wants new canvas? There is plenty of canvas about, at around three shillings a yard. Or does anyone's air-bed lack a stopper? At the moment you can buy these stoppers without difficulty.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

WILLIAM CLARK (page 785): on editorial staff of *The Observer*

MARY MCCARTHY (page 791): American novelist; author of *Cast a Cold Eye* (short stories), *The Groves of Academe* (novel), etc.

CHARLES MITCHELL (page 795): lecturer at the Warburg Institute; editor of *Hogarth's Peregrination*, etc.

STUART HAMPSHIRE (page 798): Lecturer in Philosophy and Fellow of New College, Oxford

DOUGLAS COOPER (page 806): art critic and journalist; translator (under the pen name of Douglas Lord) of Van Gogh's *Letters to Emile Bernard*; author of *Paul Klee*, *Fernand Léger et le Nouvel Espace*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,202.

Singles and Doubles.

By Turk

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In each square is to be inserted either one or two letters: in the latter case the pair is read in the same order for both Across and Down lights and should be put in the top-left and bottom-right corners of the square.

Example:

C	A	S	T
T	O	P	

The first figure in brackets after each clue indicates the number of letters in the light, the second the number of squares it occupies. There are only twelve unchecked squares and none contains a pair of letters. All words other than proper names appear in Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary, but in the case of one light an accent is to be ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Promise Thomas to make a complete change (13, 12)
10. A backward beast if yours of old, but never dying (11, 9)
14. Shut up (4, 3)
15. Prescribed form, but not for filling up (6, 4)
16. Indian food extracted from tough cels (4, 3)
17. Behold and scold, as with a strap (6, 5)
18. Test piece (5, 4)
19. The brim, or part of it (3, 3)
20. Nothing to study but a nymph (5, 4)
21. Superior description, perhaps? (10, 6)
24. Quite confident about the Latin revolution (7, 5)
26. Decidedly wanting (7, 4)
28. Sort of tongue possessed by the third Roman Emperor (6, 3)
30. Flush wheel using no back draught (5, 4)
31. . . . parmaceti for an inward — (6, 4)
32. Prostrate, with averted face (4, 3)
33. A silken sheath, on being removed, discloses only the palm (4, 4)
34. This keeps the earth from falling (6, 5)
37. Meat seen? What a relief! (8, 6)
39. Trouble? Not in any circumstances (5, 4)
41. This cost Aescop's hare a victory (3, 3)
43. 'And — on Lady Fortune in good terms' (6, 4)
45. The Roman ship returns in the late spring or early summer (5, 5)
46. The Queen accomplished nothing (4, 3)
47. Considering honestly, without rest (5, 4)
49. The head of the French Republic (4, 3)
50. The 'weeping philosopher' (10, 9)
51. They measure the chemical action of light. My reactions tend to be different (15, 12)

DOWN

1. Cruel, as a bad master rebel may be (14, 12)
2. Utter, but not quite (4, 3)
3. Who puts gold into endless trust? A bull, of course (6, 5)
4. Ivy takes the alto lead in the song (6, 4)
5. Alternative form of pain (5, 4)
6. Athenian princess. You may find Milo a help (9, 6)
7. Ithuriel's 'transfixed all dubiety' (5, 4)
8. I tend to 9. Can this be deliberate? (11, 9)

9. Place near Fort Resolution (13, 12)
11. According to Irving, this tends to produce a gentleness of spirit (7, 5)
12. Most of their offspring (4, 4)
13. Oil distilled from the orange (6, 4)
18. Characteristic of the pipe-smoker, possibly. Try it out in a mixture (11, 9)
22. Treble half of 21, (5, 3)
23. Lamb trapped by Belial (4, 3)
25. Part of an arch, perhaps (3, 3)
27. To cheat in French is elusory (6, 3)
29. Direct the fish and fiddle around in the Shetlands (5, 3)
30. Marriage is one, said Cervantes (5, 3)
32. In Lent, possibly, it may feed on flax-seed (6, 6)
33. He was betrayed by the Queen of the Brigantes (7, 5)
35. She nurses a retiring author (4, 4)
36. Source of geographical amnesia. Perhaps a dram will provide the answer (4, 4)
38. Explosive comprising crushed lime and a high proportion of nitre (8, 5)
40. Rogatory devotion, an upward source of warmth within (6, 4)
42. It has many more keys than locks (5, 4)
44. Certainly not continent, yet is given leave (5, 4)
48. He's churlish and almost discourteously abrupt (3, 3)

Solution of No. 1,200

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
2	9	2	3	3	1	8	4	9	0																
i	9	8	0	1	8	j	k	6	8	l	9														
m	1	0	3	6	p	7	2	7	q	7	0	4													
r	4	0	3	1	t	u	6	2	4	0	0														
w	4	9	4	y	1	7	q	b	3	c	9	9													
dd	3	6	2	6	4	6	0	9	2	8	h	9													
ii	6	7	j	2	8	4	kl	u	mm		0	0													
nn	7	5	9	2	4	3	7	5	9	9															

NOTES

Handicaps: $\alpha = 3$, $p = 1$, $\gamma = 9$, $\epsilon = 10$,
 $\zeta = 4$, $\eta = 7$, $\theta = 11$, $\lambda = 2$,
 $\mu = 5$, $\xi = 8$, $\pi = 6$.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. W. West (Harpenden);
 2nd prize: E. W. Ellis (Ossett); 3rd prize: E. J. Brady (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 3).

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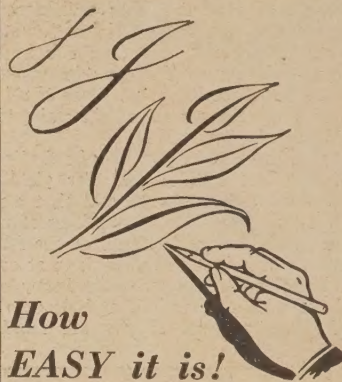
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